

KING

AND

No KING.

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

HIS MAJESTIES SERVANTS

---

Written by { *Francis Beaumont* } Genl.  
                  and  
                  { *John Fletcher* }

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L O N D O N :

Printed by *And. Clark*, for *William and John Lade* at the  
Crown in *Fleetstreet*, betwixt the two Temple-gates.

M. DC. LXXVI.

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## The Persons Represented

By

<b>A</b> <i>Arbaces</i> , King of <i>Iberia</i> —————	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Tigranes</i> , King of <i>Armenia</i> —————	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Gobrias</i> , Lord Protector, and Father of <i>Arbaces</i> —	Mr. <i>Winterstall</i> .
<i>Bacurius</i> , another Lord—————	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Mardonius</i> , } Two Captains—————	} Mr. <i>Mohun</i> .
<i>Bessus</i> , ——— }	} Mr. <i>Lacy</i> , or Mr. <i>Shottrell</i> .
<i>Lygones</i> , Father of <i>Spaconia</i> —————	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
Two Gentlemen	
Three Men and a Woman.	
<i>Philip</i> , a Servant, and two Citizens Wives.	
A Messenger.	
A Servant to <i>Bacurius</i> .	
Two Sword-men—————	{ Mr. <i>Watson</i> . { Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
A Boy.	
<i>Arane</i> , the Queens Mother—————	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Panthea</i> , her Daughter—————	Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Spaconia</i> , a Lady, Daughter of <i>Lygones</i> —————	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Mandane</i> , A Waiting-woman	
And other Attendants.	





## A KING and no KING.

### Act I.

*Enter Mardonius and Bessus, two Captains.*

*Mar.* **B***essus*, the King has made a fair hand on't, he has ended the Wars at a blow, would my Sword had a close basket hilt to hold Wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

*Bes.* We that are Commanders shall do well enough.

*Mar.* Faith, *Bessus*, such Commanders as thou may, I had as lieve set thee *Perdue* for a pudding i'th' dark, as *Alexander* the Great.

*Bes.* I love these jests exceedingly.

*Mar.* I think thou lov'st 'em better then quarrelling, *Bessus*, he say so much i'thy behalf, and yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat, I think thou wou'dst kill any man that stoppt thee if thou cou'dst.

*Bes.* But was not this a brave combat, *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Why, didst thou see't?

*Bes.* You stood wi'me.

*Mar.* I did so, but me thought thou winkedst every blow they strook.

*Bes.* Well, I believe there are better Souldiers then I, that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth, I think so too, *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

*Bes.* 'Twas bravely done of our King.

*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the Wars: I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous business.

*Bes.* To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own Countrey in single combat.

*Mar.* See how thy blood crudies at this, I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly?

*Mar.* **E**

*King and no King.*

*Mar. I.*

*Bef.* I could willingly venter for't

*Mar.* Um, no, venter neither *Bessie.*

*Bef.* Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm for fam'd for.

*Mar.* Why art thou fam'd for any valour?

*Bef.* Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'm een heartily glad on't, I have been with thee ere since thou cam'st toth' Wars, and this the first word that ever I heard on't, prethee who sames thee?

*Bef.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of'em, in my conscience thou deserv'st it not.

*Bef.* Yes, I ha' done good service.

*Mar.* I do not know how thou may'st wait on a man in's Chamber, or thy agility in shifting a Trencher, but otherwise no service, good *Bessie.*

*Bef.* You saw me do the service your self.

*Mar.* Not so hasty, sweet *Bessie*, where was it, is the place vanished?

*Bef.* At *Bessie* desp'rat redemption.

*Mar.* At *Bessie* desp'rat redemption, where's that?

*Bef.* There where I redeem'd the day, the place bears my name.

*Mar.* Pray thee who Christ'ned it.

*Bef.* The Spouldier.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merrily dispos'd man, what would become of thee? one that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there i'th' head o'th' troops with a truncheon, because thou would'st needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

*Bef.* True, but I did not run.

*Mar.* Right *Bessie*, I beat thee out on't.

*Bef.* But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all.

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to flee, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as he do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy fear for our victory, if I were the King, and were sure thou would'st mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou should'st be General, by this light.

*Bef.* You?

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*Bes.* You'l never leave this till I fall foul, nay, dead & bloody.

*Mar.* No more such words, dear *Bessus*, for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant and beat thee.

*Bes.* Come, our King's a brave fellow.

*Mar.* He is so, *Bessus*, I wonder how thou cam'st to know it, but if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry, and dull, and joyful, and sorrowful in extremity, in an hour: Do not think me thy friend for this, for if I car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, *Bessus*. Here he is with his prey in his foot.

*Enter &c. Seneb Flourish.*

*Enter Arbaces and Tigranes two Kings, &c.*

*The two Gentlemen.*

*Arb.* Thy sadness, brave *Tigranes*, takes away  
From my full victory, am I become now weak, and faint?  
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve  
When I o'come him; They that plac'd me here,  
Intended it an honour, large enough,  
For the most valiant living; but to dare  
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.  
What should afflict you? You are free as I.  
To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
Then you were formerly, and never think  
The man I held worthy to combat me  
Shall be us'd servilely: Thy ransom is  
To take my onely Sister to thy wife,  
A heavy one, *Tigranes*; for she is  
A Lady, that the Neighbour Princes send  
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind  
To her, *Tigranes*. She but nine year old  
I left her, and ne'er saw her since. Your Wars  
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,  
The way to victory. She was a pretty child  
Then, I was little better, but now fame  
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers  
Make me believe she is a miracle.  
She'l make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke  
But of her eye, *Tigranes*.

*Tigr.* Is't the course of *Iberia* to use their prisoners thus?  
Had Fortune thrown my name above *Arbaces*,  
I should not thus have talked, Sir, in *Armenia*.

We

*A King and no King.*

**4** We hold it base, you should have kept your temper  
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion  
Perhaps to brag.

*Arb.* Be you my witness, Earth, need I to brag?  
Doth not this captive Prince speak  
Me sufficiently, and all the Acts  
That I have wrought upon his suffering Land?  
Should I then boast! where lies that foot of ground  
Within his whole Realm, that I have not past  
Fighting and conquering; Far then from me  
Be Ostentation, I could tell the world  
How I have laid his Kingdom desolate  
By this sole Arm propt by Divinity,  
Script him out of his glories, and have sent  
The pride of all his youth to people graves,  
And made his Virgins languish for their Loves.  
If I would brag, should I that have the power  
To teach the Neighbour world humility  
Mix with vain-glory?

*Mar.* Indeed this is none.

*Arb.* Tigranes, Nay did I but take delight  
To stretch my deeds as others do on words,  
I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you do.

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty,  
That thinks me apt to boast after an Act  
Fit for a God to do upon his foe,  
A little glory in a Souldiers mouth  
Is well becoming, be it far from vain.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.

*Arb.* I offer you my Sister, and you answer  
I do insult, a Lady that no sute  
Nor treasure, nor thy Crown could purchase thee,  
But that thou foughtst with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse  
Then that you spake before, it strikes me not;  
But that you think to over-grace me with  
The marriage of your Sister, troubles me;  
I would give worlds for ransoms were they mine,  
Rather then have her.

*Arb.* See if I insult  
That am the Conquerer, and for a ransom  
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,  
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn.

It cannot be self-flattery to say  
The daughters of your Country see  
Would see their shame, and home and blood to death  
At their own foulness; yet their  
Now beautiful, those words express her not  
They say her looks have something excellent  
That wants a name: yet were the cost  
Her birth deserves the Empire of the world,  
Sister to such a Brother that hath won  
Victory prisoner, and through her she  
Carries her bound, and should be  
She durst not leave him; ~~she~~ ~~did~~ ~~her~~ ~~wrong~~  
To print continual conquest on his cheek  
And make no man worthy her but to  
But me that am tied to her, and to  
She did for me. But you will think I brag.

*Mar.* I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions ever'd,  
would have made two excellent fellows in their kind; I know not  
whether I should be for you as for valiant, or so passionate, would  
one of 'em were away.

*Tig.* Do I refuse her that I do not her worth  
Were the ardentest as she would be thought  
So perfect that no one of her own sex  
Could find a want; were she so tempting fair  
That she could wish it off for damning souls,  
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives  
Rather than meet her married in my bed.  
Perhaps I have a love, where I have lost  
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and the one  
I am not sickle.

*Arb.* Is that all the cause?

Think you, you can so knit your self in love  
To any other, that her leaching sight  
Cannot dissolve it? So before you tri'd  
You thought your self a match for me in fight.  
Trust me, ~~she~~ ~~can~~ ~~do~~ ~~as~~ ~~much~~  
In peace as in war, ~~she~~ ~~can~~ ~~do~~ ~~as~~ ~~much~~  
You shall see, if you have the power to  
The same power to ~~do~~ ~~as~~ ~~much~~ ~~as~~ ~~you~~ ~~can~~ ~~do~~  
I'll do you home with love and ~~as~~ ~~much~~ ~~as~~ ~~you~~ ~~can~~ ~~do~~  
Some other way, but if she be your choice  
She shall have me, for I am not sickle.

*Tig.* ~~She~~ ~~shall~~ ~~have~~ ~~me~~ ~~for~~ ~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~not~~ ~~sickle~~  
And will obey, but I shall be ~~as~~ ~~much~~ ~~as~~ ~~you~~ ~~can~~ ~~do~~



In private with some friends before I go.

*Arb.* Some to await him forth, and see him safe,

But let him freely send for whom he please,

And none dare to disturb his Conference.

I will not have him know what bondage is;

[*Exit Tigranes.*]

Till he be free from me. This Prince, *Mandonius*,

Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces

Man can receive.

*Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

*Arb.* And yet I conquer'd him, and could have

Hadst thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Arms

Be great; Must all men that are vertuous

Think suddenly to match themselves with me,

I conquer'd him and bravely; did I not?

*Bes.* And please your Majesty I was afraid at first.

*Mar.* When wert thou other?

*Arb.* Of what?

*Bes.* That you would not have spi'd your best advantages, for your Majesty in my opinion lay too high, one thinks, under favours, you should have lain thus.

*Mar.* Like a Taylor at a Wake.

*Bes.* And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at one time, by my troth, I wist'd my self with you.

*Mar.* By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' th' Lifts.

*Arb.* What to do?

*Bes.* To put your Majesty in mind of an occasion; you lay thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your leg; which you by doing thus avoided; but if you had whip'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the bloud-Royal run about his head.

*Mar.* What Country Fence-school learn'dst thou that at?

*Arb.* Pish, did not I take him nobly?

*Mar.* Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

*Arb.* Talkt enough!

Will you confine my words? By Heaven and Earth,

I were much better be a King of Beasts

Then such a people: If I had not patience

Above a God, I should be call'd a Tyrant

Throughout the World. They will offend to death

Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again

And thou art earth again: why this is like

*Tigranes* speech, that needs would say I brag'd.

*Bes.* he said I brag'd.

*Bes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Arb.* Why



*Arb.* Why dost thou laugh?  
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous  
To my own Subjects: Tie me in a Chair  
And jest at me; but I shall make a start  
And punish some, that others may take heed  
How they are haughty; who will answer me?  
He said I boasted, speak, *Mardonius*,  
Did I? He will not answer, O my Temper!  
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart  
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none  
Vouchsafe to give answer? am I grown  
To such a poor respect? or do you mean  
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,  
Or else by Heaven,

*1 Gent.* So please your.

*Arb.* Monstrous,  
I cannot be heard out, they cut me off  
As if I were too sawcy. I will live  
In woods, and talk to trees, they will allow me  
To end what I begin. The meanest Subject  
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,  
And not I. Now it is a time to speak,  
I hearken.

*1 Gent.* May it please.

*Arb.* I mean not you.  
Did not I stop you once?  
Let another speak.

*2 Gent.* I hope your Majesty.

*Arb.* Thou draulst thy words,  
That I must wait an hour, where other men  
Can hear in an instant; throw your words away  
Quick, and to purpose, I have told you this.

*Bef.* And please your Majesty.

*Arb.* Wilt thou devour me? this is such a rudeness  
As yet you never shewed me, and I want  
Power to command too, else *Mardonius*  
Would speak at my request; were you my King,  
I would have answered at your word, *Mardonius*.  
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will offend me,  
When you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,  
With that sole Arm propt by Divinity;

*A King and no King.*

Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us  
That dayly ventured lives?

*Arb.* O that thy Name  
Were great as mine, would I had paid my wealth,  
It were as great, as I might combat thee;  
I would through all the Regions habitable  
Search thee, and having found thee, with my Sword,  
Drive thee about the world, till I had met  
Some place that yet mans curiosity  
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:  
Forgotten of Mankind, such funeral rites  
As beasts would give thee thou shouldst have.

*Bef.* The King rages extremely, shall we slink away?  
He'll strike us.

*2 Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know 'twas this sole arm,  
I grant you were my Instruments, and did  
As I commanded you, but 'twas this Arm  
Mov'd you like wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd;  
Whither slip you now? what are you too good  
To wait on me? puff, I had need have temper,  
That rule such people; I have nothing left  
At my own choice, I would I might be private:  
Mean men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our curse,  
To have a tumult that out of their loves  
Will wait on us, whether we will or no;  
Go, get you gone! Why here they stand like death.  
My word moves nothing.

*1 Gent.* Must we go?

*Bef.* I know not.

*Arb.* I pray you leave me, Sirs, I'm proud of this.

That they will be intreated from my sight:

Why now they leave me all: *Mardonius,*

*Mar. Sir,*

*Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? methinks

Civility should reach you more than this,

If I were but your friend: Stay here, and wait.

*Mar. Sir, shall I speak?*

*Arb.* Why you would now think much

To be denied, but I can scarce intreat

What I would have: do speak.

*Mar.* But will you hear me out?

*Arb.* With me you article, so talk thus: well,

I will hear you out.

*Mar. Sir*

**Mar.** Sir, that I have ever loved you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should have chose you out to love above the rest: nor can this challenge thanks: for my own sake I should have done it, because I would have loved the most deserving man, for so you are.

**Arb.** Alas, Mardonius, rise; you shall not kneel. We all are Souldiers, and all venture lives: And where there is no difference in mens worths, Titles are jests: who can out-value thee?

**Mardonius.** thou hast loved me, and hast wrong; Thy love is not rewarded; but believe It shall be better, more then Friend in arms, My Father, and my Tutor, good Mardonius.

**Mar.** Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

**Arb.** And so I will, speak freely; for from thee Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

**Mar.** Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do Eclipse your vertues.

**Arb.** Eclipse my vertues?

**Mar.** Yes, your passions, which are so manifest, that they appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth; but when I speak your faults, you make a start, and flie the hearing; but,

**Arb.** When you commend me? O that I should live To need such commendations: If my deeds Blew not my praise themselves about the earth, I were most wretched: spare your idle praise: If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter Words in my praise, that thou thoughtst impudence, My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise I hug you? 'tis so false, that were thou worthy Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death From me: but thou shalt understand thy lies, For shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there Leave me in thron'd, I would despise thee though As much as now, which is as much as death Because I see thy envy.

**Mar.** However you will use me after, yet for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

**Arb.** I will, and after call unto the winds, For they shall lend as large an ear as I. To what you utter, speak.

**Mar.** Would you but leave these bafty tempers, which I do not say

(sake).

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take from you all your worth; but darken 'em, then you would shine indeed.

*Arb.* Well, if you would, I should be a King.

*Mar.* Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

*Arb.* Why now you flatter.

*Mar.* I never understood the word, were you no King; and free from these moods, should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you: or for honesty to enterchange my bosom with, it it would be you, or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you: or valour to defend my reputation, still I should find you out: for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question: Now I have spoke, consider to your self, find out a use if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

*Arb.* Is not material: more then ten such lives

As mine, *Mardonius*: it was nobly said,

Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth

As might offend another. I have been

Too passionate, and idle, thou shalt see

A swift amendment; but I want those parts

You praise me for: I fight for all the world:

Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far

Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years,

I know thou dar'st and wilt; it troubles me

That I should use so rough a phrase to thee,

Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,

So thou wilt pardon me, that thou and I

Should differ thus.

*Mar.* Why 'tis no matter, Sir.

*Arb.* Faith, but it is, but thou dost ever take

All things I do thus patiently; for which

I never can requite thee; but with love,

And that thou shalt be sure of: Thou and I

Have not been merry lately: pray thee tell me

Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?

*Mar.* Why at the taking of a Town.

*Arb.* A wench upon my life, a wench, *Mardonius*:

Gave thee that jewel.

*Mar.* Wench? They respect not me, I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should grows stiffer: In those businesses I may swear I am truly honest: for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

*Arb.* Why do the wenches incoach upon thee?

*Mar.* By this light, do they.

*Arb.* Didst

*Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old seat with them? *with old T. Arb.*

*Mar.* Yes, faith. *from some other count I sit of several pillars*

*Arb.* And do they improve themselves? *at the house of the*

*Mar.* I, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

*Arb.* How canst live on't? *longer control it with one and so*

*Mar.* Why I think I must petition to you.

*Arb.* Thou shalt take them up at my price.

*Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.*

*Mar.* Your price.

*Arb.* I, at the Kings price.

*Mar.* That may be more then I'm worth.

*2 Gent.* Is he not merry now?

*1 Gent.* I think not.

*Bes.* He is, he is, we'll shew ourselves.

*Arb.* Bessus, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this; I bad you hast; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me.

*Bes.* And please your Majesty I have a sute.

*Arb.* Is't not lowlie Bessus, what is't?

*Bes.* I am to carry a Lady with me.

*Arb.* Then thou hast two sutes.

*Bes.* And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Pamela* your Majesties Sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

*Arb.* So many nights lodgings as 'tis thither, will't not?

*Bes.* I know not that, Sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

*Arb.* Why thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

*Bes.* If I can.

*Arb.* Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet I think thou canst decide it.

*Bes.* Your Majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

*Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

*Bes.* Some body has traduced me to you: do you see this sword, Sir?

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

*Mes.* Health to your Majesty. *[Enter a Messenger with a Packet]*

*Arb.* From *Gobrias*?

*Mes.* Yes, Sir.

*Arb.* How does he, is he well?

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take



*Arb.* Take that for thy good news: he is as ill made as I. A trustier servant to his Prince there lives not, than I. Then is good *Gobrias*.

*1 Gent.* The King starts back.

*Mar.* His blood goes back as fast.

*2 Gent.* And now it comes again.

*Mar.* He alters strangely.

*Arb.* The hand of heaven is on me, be it for  
From me to struggle, if my secret sins.

Have pul'd this curse upon me, lend me tears

Enough to wash me white, that I may feel

A child-like innocence within my breast;

Which once perform'd, O give me leave to stand

As fixed as constancy her self, my eyes

Set here unmov'd, regardless of the World,

Though thousand miseries compass me;

*Mar.* This is strange, Sir, how do you?

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, my mother:

*Mar.* Is she dead?

*Arb.* Alas she's not so happy; thou dost know

How she hath labour'd since my Father died,

To take by treason hence this loathed life,

That would but be to serve her: I have pardon'd,

And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit

To practise new sins, not repent the old:

She now had liv'd a slave to come from thence,

And strike me here, whom *Gobrias* lifting out,

Took and condemn'd and executed there.

The careful'st servant! Heaven let me but live

To pay that man: Nature is poor in me,

That will not let me have as many deaths

As are the times that he hath sav'd my life.

That I might die 'em over all for him.

*Mar.* Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head,

Vex not your self.

*Arb.* What will the world

Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins

Will they suppose me laden, when my life

Is sought by her that gave it to the world?

But yet he writes me comfort here, my Sister,

He says, is grown in beauty and in grace,

In all the innocent virtues that become

A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks

With mourning tears to purge her Mothers ill,

And



And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,  
Her pure Oblations for my safe return :  
If I have lost the duty of a son,  
If any pomp or vanity of state  
Made me forget my natural offices ;  
Nay farther, if I have not every night  
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,  
If ought unto my Parent they have err'd,  
And cal'd 'em back : do you direct her arm  
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine :  
But if I have been just to her, send out  
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe  
From searching treason ; I will use no means  
But prayer : for rather suffer me to see  
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,  
Then wash my danger off with Mothers blood.

*Mar.* I ne'er saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Tigr.* Why ? wilt thou have me die, *Spaconia*.  
What should I do ?

*Spa.* Nay, let me stay alone,  
And when you see *Armenia* again,  
You shall behold a Tomb more worth then I,  
Some friend that either loves me or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women, many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those Maids  
That place their loves unfortunately high,  
As I have done, where they can never reach :  
But why should you go to *Iberia* ?

*Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt ask me ; ask the man  
That rages in a fever why he lies  
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths  
Are courting o're the Meadows with their Loves ?  
Can I resist ? am I not a slave  
To him that conquer'd me ?

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee, *Tigranes*, he has won but half of  
Thee, thy body, but thy mind may be as free.  
As his, his will did never combat thine,  
And take it prisoner.

*Tigr.* But if he by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me  
Or thee to be unwilling ?

*Spa.* O *Tigranes*,

I know you are to see a Lady there,  
To see and like, I fear : perhaps the hope  
Of her makes you forget me : ere we part  
Be happier then you know to wish : farewell.

*Tigr. Spaconia*, stay and hear me what I say :  
In short, Destruction meet me that I may  
See it, and not avoid it when I leave  
To be thy faithful Lover : part with me  
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our love,  
And I have gi'n gold to a Captain  
That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,  
That he will place a Lady of our Land  
With the Kings Sister that is offered me ;  
Thither shall you, and being once got in,  
Perswade her by what subtil means you can  
To be as backward in her love as I.

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid  
When she beholds you, can be pul'd away  
With words from loving you ?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather lose you : can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words ?  
And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie.

*Tigr.* Yet do thy best.

[Enter *Bessie*]

*Bes.* What is your Majesty ready ?

*Tigr.* There is the Lady, Captain.

*Bes.* Sweet Lady, by your leave, I could wish my self more full  
of Courtship for your fair sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

*Bes.* Lady, you must hast, I have received new letters from the  
King, that requires more haste then I expected, he will follow me  
suddenly himself, and begins to call for your Majesty already.

*Tigr.* He shall not do so long.

*Bes.* Sweet Lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter ?

*Spa.* I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, Sir, you shall  
call me what you please.

Act II.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthra, and Mandane, waiting-women, with Attendants, and Guards.*

*Gob.* MY Lord *Bacurius*, you must have regard  
Unto the Queen, she is your prisoner,  
'Tis at your peril if she make escape.

*Bac.* My Lord, I know it, she is my prisoner  
From you committed; yet she is a woman,  
And so I keep her safe, you will not urge me  
To keep her close, I shall not shame to say  
I sorrow for her.

*Gob.* So do I, my Lord;  
I sorrow for her, that so little grace  
Doth govern her: that she should stretch her arm  
Against her King, so little woman-hood  
And natural goodness, as to think the death  
Of her own Son.

*Ara.* Thou know'st the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

*Gob.* There is a Lady takes not after you,  
Her Father is within her, that good man  
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins, mark how she weeps,  
How well it does become her; and if you  
Can find no disposition in your self  
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her  
Find out the way, and by your reason weep:  
All this she does for you, and more she needs,  
When for your self you will not lose a tear,  
Think how this want of grief discredits you,  
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

*Ara.* You talk to me as having got a time  
Fit for your purpose; but you know I know  
You speak not what you think.

*Pan.* I would my heart  
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd  
Against my Mother, a more troubled thought  
No Virgin bears about; should I excuse  
My Mothers fault, I should set light a life,  
In losing which, a brother and a King

Were taken from me ; if I seek to save  
 That life so lov'd, I lose another life  
 That gave me being, I shall lose a Mother ;  
 A word of such a sound in a child's ear,  
 That it strikes reverence through it : may the will  
 Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,  
 Take a poor Virgins life to answer all.

*Ara.* But, *Gobrias*, let us talk, you know this fault  
 Is not in me as in another Mother.

*Gob.* I know it is not.

*Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why is not all that's past, beyond your help ?

*Ara.* I know it is.

*Gob.* Nay, should you publish it  
 Before the world, think you 'twould be believ'd ?

*Ara.* I know it would not.

*Gob.* Nay, should I join with you,  
 Should we not both be torn, and yet both die.  
 Uncredited ?

*Ara.* I think we should.

*Gob.* Why then

Take you such violent courses ? as for me,  
 I do but right in saving of the King  
 From all your plots.

*Ara.* The King ?

*Gob.* I bad you rest with patience and a time  
 Would come for me

To reconcile all to your own content ;  
 But by this way you take away my power,  
 And what was done unknown was not by me  
 But you : your urging being done  
 I must preserve my own, but time may bring  
 All this to light, and happily for all.

*Ara.* Accursed be this over-curious brain  
 That gave that plot a birth, accurst this womb  
 That after did conceive to my disgrace.

*Bac.* My Lord Protector, they say there are divers letters come  
 from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good service, and brought again  
 a day, by his particular valour, receiv'd you any to that effect.

*Gob.* Yes, 'tis most certain.

*Bac.* I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won, but that 'twas  
 won by him : we held him here a coward, he did me wrong once,  
 at which I laughed, and so did all the world, for nor I, nor any o-  
 ther held him worth my sword.

*Enter*

*Enter Bessus and Spaconia.*

*Bes.* Health to my Lord Protector, from the King these letters :  
and to your Grace, Madam, these.

*Gob.* How does his Majesty.

*Bes.* As well as conquest by his own means and his valiant Com-  
manders can make him : your letters will tell you all.

*Pan.* I will not open mine till I do know

My Brothers health, good Captain is he well ?

*Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that ? is he hurt ?

*Bes.* He's a strange Souldier that gets not a knock.

*Pan.* I do not ask how strange that Souldier is  
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

*Bes.* He had divers.

*Pan.* And is he well again ?

*Bes.* Well again, an't please your Grace, why I was run twice  
through the body, and shot i'th' head with a cross arrow, and yet  
am well again.

*Pan.* I do not care how thou dost, is he well ?

*Bes.* Not care how I do ? let a man out of the mightiness of his  
spirit, fructifie forreign Countries with his bloud for the good of  
his own, and thus he shall be answered, why ? I may live to relieve  
with spear and shield, such a Lady as you distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I will care, I'm glad thou art well, I prethee is he so ?

*Gob.* The King is well, and will be here to morrow.

*Pan.* My prayers are heard : now will I open mine.

*Gob. Bacurins,* I must ease you of your charge :  
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King,  
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,  
And strook it out, he has forgiven you freely,  
Your own will is your law, be where you please.

*Ara.* I thank him.

*Gob.* You will be ready,  
To wait upon his Majesty to morrow.

*Ara.* I will.

[*Exit Ara.*]

*Bac.* Madam, be wife hereafter :

I am glad I have lost this office.

*Gob.* Good Captain *Bessus*, tell us the discourse  
Betwixt *Tigranes*, and our King, and how we got the victory.

*Pan.* I prethee do, and if my Brother were in any danger, let not  
thy tale make him abide there long before thou bring him off, for all  
that while my heart will beat.

*Bes.* Madam, let what will beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it  
was : they fought single in lists but one to one, as for my own part,

I was dangerously hurt but three days before, else perhaps we had been two to two, I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the enemy had made trenches.

*Gob.* Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this business, we'll hear't some other time.

*Pan.* I prethee leave it, and go on with my Brother.

*Bes.* I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the lists they came, and single sword and Gauntlet was their fight.

*Pan.* Alas.

*Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen Captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a Captain o'th' enemies side, called *Tiribasus*; valiant they said he was: whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this *Tiribasus* cast something a scornful look on me, and ask't me whom I thought would overcome: I smil'd and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that, whose King would win: something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to help him, I—

*Pan.* All this is of thy self, I pray thee, *Bessus*,  
Tell something of my Brother, did he nothing?

*Bes.* Why yes, I'll tell your Grace they were not to fight till the word given, which for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

*Pan.* See for his own part.

*Bac.* I fear yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

*Bes.* But I.

*Pan.* Still of himself.

*Bes.* Cri'd give the word, when as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you: I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat, but that once done.

*Pan.* He slips o're all the fight.

*Bes.* I cal'd him to me, *Cosroes*, said I:

*Pan.* I will hear no more.

*Bes.* No, no, I lie.

*Bac.* I dare be sworn thou dost.

*Bes.* Captain, said I, so 'twas.

*Pan.* I tell thee I will hear no further.

*Bes.* No, your Grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it, what is this the Lady  
My Brother writes to me to take?

*Bes.* And please your Grace, this is she: Charge, will you come  
nearer the Princess?

*Pan.*



*Pan.* You're welcome from your Countrey, and this Land  
Shall shew unto you all the kindness  
That I can make it ; What's your name ?

*Spa.* *Thalestiris.*

*Pan.* You're very welcome, you have got a letter  
To put you to me, that has power enough  
To place mine enemy here ; then much more you,  
That are so far from being so to me  
That you ne'er saw me.

*Bef.* Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

*Spa.* My truth ?

*Pan.* Why Captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal ?

*Bef.* I cannot tell, servants are slippery, but I dare give my word  
for her ; and for honesty she came along with me, and many favours  
she did me by the way, but by this light, none but what she might  
do with modesty to a man of my rank.

*Pan.* Why Captain, here's no body thinks otherwise.

*Bef.* Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your pleasure ;  
but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if  
ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may  
sink where I stand.

*Spa.* Above my knee ?

*Bef.* No, you know I did not, and if any man will say I did, this  
sword shall answer ; Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my Charge  
whilst I live ; your Grace shall understand I am secret in these bu-  
sinesses, and know how to defend a Ladies honour.

*Spa.* I hope your Grace knows him so well already,  
I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

*Bef.* I, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good  
name against the world ; and so I take my leave of your Grace, and  
of you my Lord Protector, I am likewise glad to see your Lordship  
well.

*Bac.* O Captain *Bessus*, I thank you, I would speak with you anon.

*Bef.* When you please, I will attend your Lordship. [*Exit Bessus.*]

*Bac.* Madam, I'll take my leave too. [*Exit.*]

*Pan.* Good *Bacurius*.

*Gob.* Madam, what writes his Majesty to you ?

*Pan.* O my Lord,

The kindest words, I'll keep 'em whilst I live  
Here in my bosom, there's no art in 'em.  
They lie disordered in this paper, just  
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

*Gob.* And to me

He writes what tears of joy he shed to hear

How

How you were grown in every vertues way,  
 And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care  
 Which I was bound to have in training you.  
 There is no Princess living that enjoys  
 A Brother of that worth.

*Pan.* My Lord, no maid longs more for any thing, and feels more  
 heat and cold within her breast, then I do now, in hope to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much at this, he writes, he brings along with  
 him, a husband for you, that same captive Prince;  
 And if he love you, as he makes a shew,  
 He will allow you freedom in your choise.

*Pan.* And so he will, my Lord; I warrant you,  
 He will but offer, and give me the power  
 To take or leave.

*Gob.* Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like  
 That man were bargain'd with before I chuse him.

*Pan.* But I am not built on such wild humours,  
 If I find him worthy, he is not less  
 Because he's offer'd.

*Spa.* 'Tis true he is not, would he would seem less.

*Gob.* I think there is no Lady can affect  
 Another Prince, your Brother standing by;  
 He does eclipse mens vertues so with his.

*Spa.* I know a Lady may, and more I fear  
 Another Lady will.

*Pan.* Would I might see him.

*Gob.* Why so you shall: my busineses are great,  
 I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

*Pan.* I thank you, good my Lord.

*Gob.* You will be ready, Madam.

[Exit Gob.]

*Pan.* Yes.

*Spa.* I do beseech you, Madam, send away  
 Your other women, and receive from me  
 A few sad words, which set against your joyes  
 May make 'em shine the more.

*Pan.* Sirs, leave me all.

[Exit women.]

*Spa.* I kneel a stranger here to beg a thing  
 Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant,  
 'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,  
 As if a begger should intreat a King  
 To leave his Scepter, and his Throne to him,  
 And take his rags to wander o're the world  
 Hungry and cold.

*Pan.* That were a strange request.

*Spa.*

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Pan.* Then do not utter it.

*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, I, and granted, or I die :  
I am asham'd to speak it but where life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman  
That will not take something unreasonably  
To hazard saving of it : I shall seem  
A strange petitioner, that with all ill  
To them I beg of, ere they give me ought,  
Yet so I must : I would you were not fair,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good :  
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer ;  
If foul, you had not power to hinder me :  
He would not love you.

*Pan.* What's the meaning of it ?

*Spa.* Nay, my request is more without the bounds  
Of reason yet ; for 'tis not in the power  
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

*Pan.* Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speak it out.

*Spa.* Your Brother brings a Prince into this Land,  
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
So full of worth withall, that every maid  
That looks upon him, gives away her self  
To him for ever ; and for you to have  
He brings him : and so mad is my demand,  
That I desire you not to have this man,  
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die  
If you should miss him, I do now expect  
You should laugh at me.

*Pan.* Trust me, I could weep  
Rather, for I have found in all thy words  
A strange disjointed sorrow.

*Spa.* 'Tis by me,  
His own desire so, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His own desire? why credit me, *Thalestris*,  
I am no common wooer : If He shall woo me,  
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear  
I will not love him ; but if he will stay  
To have me woo him, I will promise thee  
He may keep all his graces to himself,  
And fear no ravishing from me.

*Spa.* 'Tis yet  
His own desire, but when he sees your face

I fear it will not be ; therefore I charge you  
 As you have pity, stop those tender ears  
 From his enchanting voyce, close up those eyes,  
 That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
 Nor he from you ; I charge you as you hope  
 To live in quiet, for when I am dead,  
 For certain I shall walk to visit him,  
 If he break promise with me : for as fast  
 As oaths without a formal Ceremony  
 Can make me, I am to him.

*Pan.* Then be fearless.

For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,  
 I could gaze on him ; if I knew it in  
 To love him without passion : Dry your eyes,  
 I swear you shall enjoy him still for me,  
 I will not hinder you ; but I perceive  
 You are not what you seem : Rise, rise, *Thalestris*,  
 If your right name be so.

*Spa.* Indeed it is not.

*Spaconia* is my name ; but I desire  
 Not to be known to others.

*Pan.* Why, by me you shall not.

I will never do you wrong.  
 What good I can, I will ; think not my birth  
 Or education such, that I should injure  
 A stranger Virgin : you are welcome hither.  
 In company you wish to be commanded,  
 But when we are alone, I shall be ready  
 To be your servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter three men and a woman.*

- 1 Come, come, run, run, run.
- 2 We shall outgo her.
- 3 One were better be hang'd, then carry women out hiding to these shews.

*Wom.* Is the King hard by ?

1 You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late : What abundance of people here is ?

*Wom.* But what had he in those bottles ?

3 I know not.

2 Why, Ink Goodman fool.

3 Ink, what to do ?

1 Why, the King look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

*Wom.* Let's take our places, we shall have no room else.

2 The

- 2 The man told us he would walk afoot through the people.  
 3. I marry did he.  
 1 Our shops are well look't to now.  
 2 'S life, yonder's my master, I think,  
 1 No, 'tis not he.

*Enter a man with two Citizens wives.*

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be, what sweet living 'tis in the Country?

2 *Cit.* I, poor souls, God help 'em; they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My husbands cousin would have had me gone into the Country last year, wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.* I, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go with me down this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there, there's no body cries brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor milk? how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the Country.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord: but the people there I think will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* I, God knows will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our Husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not, alas? 'Good faith I cannot blame them: for we do not greatly care for them our selves.

*Philip*, I pray chuse us a place.

*Philip*. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave, good people, a little.

3 What's the matter?

*Phil.* I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my Mistress so, she's with child.

2 Let her look to her self then, has she not had shoving enough yet? if she stay shouldring here, she may haps go home with a Cake in her belly.

3 How now goodman squitter-breech, why do you lean on me?

*Phil.* Because I will.

3 Will you, Sir sawce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look if one ha' not strook *Philip*, come hither *Philip*, why did he strike thee?



*A King and no King.*

*Phil.* For leaning on him.

*1 Cit.* Why didst thou lean on him?

*Phil.* I did not think he would have strook me.

*1 Cit.* As God save me la, thou'rt as wild as a Buck, there's no quarrel but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

*3* It's at the first end then, for he'l ne'er stay the last.

*1 Cit.* Well, slipstrix, I shall meet with you.

*3* When you will.

*1 Cit.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

*3* At a Bawdy house.

*1 Cit.* I, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

*Flourish, Enter one running.*

*4.* The King, the King, the King, the King.

Now, now, now, now.

*Flourish: Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, the two Kings, and Mardonius.*

*All.* God preserve your Majesty.

*Arb.* I thank you all, now are my joyes at full,

When I behold you safe, my loving Subjects;

By you I grow, 'tis your united love

That lifts me to this height:

All the account that I can render you

For all the love you have bestowed on me,

All your expences to maintain my War,

Is but a little word, you will imagine

'Tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a word

As is not to be bought, but with our blood,

'Tis Peace.

*All.* God preserve your Majesty.

*Arb.* Now you may live securely in your Towns,

Your children round about you; you may sit

Under your vines, and make the miseries

Of other Kingdoms, a discourse for you,

And lend them sorrows: For your selves you may

Safely forget there are such things as tears.

And may you all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd

Hold me unworthy, when I think my life

A sacrifice too great to keep you thus

In such a calm estate.

*All.* God bless your Majesty.

*Arb.* See all, good people, I have brought the man

Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home:

Behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; In your heart

Sing songs of gladness, and deliverance.

*1 Cit.*



*A King and no King.*

1 *Cit.* Out upon him.

2 *Cit.* How he looks!

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

*Mar.* These are sweet people.

*Tigr.* Sir, you do me wrong,

To render me a scorn'd spectacle

To common people.

*Arb.* It was far from me

To mean it so: If I have ought deserv'd,

My loving Subjects, let me beg of you

Not to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells

All worth of which the nature of a man

Is capable, valour beyond compare,

The terror of his name has stretcht it self

Where ever there is Sun: and yet for you

I fought him single, and I won him too;

I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,

Soar'd to so un-believ'd a height, to fall

Beneath mine: This, inspired with all your loves,

I did perform, and will for your content

Be ever ready for a greater work.

*All.* The Lord blefs your Majesty.

*Tigr.* So he has made me amends now, with a speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-glorious,

*Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may

Do good to any creature, here speak out;

For I must leave you and it troubles me,

That my occasions for the good of you,

Are such as call me from you; else, my joy

Would be to spend my days amongst you all.

You shew your loves in these large multitudes

That come to meet me, I will pray for you

Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,

And live to see your Childrens Children.

Sir at your boards with plenty: when there is

A want of any thing, let it be known

To me, and I will be a father to you:

God keep you all.

*Flourish.*

*[Exeunt King and their train.]*

*All.* God blefs your Majesty, God blefs your Majesty.

1 Come, shall we go? all's done.

*Wom.* I, for Gods sake, I have not made a fire yet.

2 Away, away, all's done.

3 Content, farewell-Philip.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-sack you.

2 *Philip* will not fight, He's afraid on's face.

*Phil.* I marry, am I afraid of my face.

3 Thou wouldst be, *Philip*, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visour.

[*Exeunt 2. 3. and women.*]

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, sirra: Come, *Philip*, walk afore us home-wards; did not his Majesty say he had brought us home Peace for all our money?

2 *Cit.* Yes marry did he.

1 *Cit.* The're are the first I heard on this year by my troth, I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to to our houses.

### Act III.

*Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.*

*Arb.* MY Sister take it ill?

*Gob.* Not very ill,  
Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,  
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why *Gobrias*, let her; I must have her know,  
My will, and not her own, must govern her:  
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

*Gob.* O she is far from any stubbornness,  
You much mistake her, and no doubt will like  
Where you will have her; but when you behold her  
You will be loth to part with such a jewel.

*Arb.* To part with her, why *Gobrias*, art thou mad?  
She is my Sister.

*Gob.* Sir, I know she is;  
But it were pity to make poor our Land,  
With such a beauty to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish, will she have him?

*Gob.* I do hope she will not, I think she will, Sir.

*Arb.* Were she my Father, and my Mother too,  
And all the names for which we think folks friends,  
She should be forc'd to have him when I know  
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loth.

*Gob.* Heaven bring my purpose luckily to pass,

You

You know 'tis just, she will not need constraint,  
She loves you so.

*Arb.* How does she love me, speak?

*Gob.* She loves you more then people love their health  
That live by labour; more then I could love  
A man that died for me, if he could live again.

*Arb.* She is not like her Mother then.

*Gob.* O no, when you were in *Armenia*,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:

For at the first on every little scratch,  
She kept her chamber, wept, and would not eat,  
Till you were well; and many times the-news  
Was so long coming, that before we heard,  
She was as near her death, as you your health.

*Arb.* Alas poor soul, but yet she must be rul'd;  
I know not how I shall requite her well,  
I long to see her; have you sent for her,  
To tell her I am ready?

*Gob.* Sir, I have.

[Enter 1 Gent. and Tigranes.

1 Gent. Sir, here is the *Armenian King*.

*Arb.* He's welcome.

1 Gent. And the *Queen-Mother*, and the *Princesses* wait without.

*Arb.* Good *Gobrias*, bring 'em in.

[Exit *Gobrias*.

*Tigranes*, you will think you are arriv'd  
In a strange Land, where Mothers call to payson  
Their only sons; think you you shall be safe?

*Tigr.* Too safe I am, Sir.

Enter *Gobrias*, *Arane*, *Panthea*, *Spaconia*, *Bacurius*, *Maddonus*,  
and *Bessius*, and two *Gentlemen*, *Attendants*, and *Guards*.

*Ara.* As low as this I bow to you, and would  
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind  
Thankful for all your mercies.

*Arb.* O stand up.  
And let me kneel, the light will be asham'd  
To see obfervance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my King.

*Arb.* You are my Mother, rise;  
As far be all your faults from your own soul,  
As from my memory; then you shall be  
As white as innocence her self.

*Ara.* I came  
Onely to shew my duty and acknowledge  
My sorrow for my sins, longer to stay  
Were but to draw eyes more attentively

Upon

Upon my shame: That power that keeps you safe  
From me, preserve you still.

*Arb.* Your own desires shall be your guide. *[Exit Arane.]*

*Pan.* Now let me die;

Since I have seen my Lord the King return

In safety, I have seen all good that life

Can shew me; I have ne'er another wish

For heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should:

For I am bound to spend my age to come

In giving thanks that this was granted me:

*Gob.* Why does not your Majesty speak?

*Arb.* To whom?

*Gob.* To the Princess.

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, I am fearful; you do look

On me, as if I were some loathed thing,

That you were finding out a way to shun.

*Gob.* Sir, you should speak to her.

*Arb.* Ha?

*Pan.* I know I am unworthy, yet not till

Arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneel

Till I am one with earth, but I will gain

Some words and kind ones from you.

*Tigr.* Will you speak, Sir?

*Arb.* Speak, am I what I was?

What art thou that dost creep into my breast,

And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thy self:

I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd

Hither, from thence; you shall not tarry here,

Up, and be gone, if thou be'st Love, be gone,

Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast;

Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill

By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,

Write to thy laughing Mother i' thy blood,

That you are Powers belid, and all your darts

Are to be blown away by men resolv'd

Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away,

*Tigr.* O misery, why should he be so slow

There can no falsehood come of loving her,

Though I have given my faith; she is a thing

Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith:

I would he would present me to her quickly,

*Pan.* Will you not speak at all? are you so far

From kind words? yet to save my modesty

That must talk till you answer, do not stand

As you were dumb, say something though it be  
Poyson'd with anger that may strike me dead

Mar. Have you no life at all? for manhood sake  
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus  
A tree would find a tongue to answer her  
Did she but give it such a low respect

Arb. You mean this Lady: lift her from the earth  
Why do you let her kneel so long? alas  
Madam, your beauty uses to command  
And not to beg; what is your sute to me?  
It shall be granted, yet the time is short;  
And my affairs are great; but where's my Sister?  
I had she should be brought.

Mar. What is he mad?

Arb. Gobrias, where is she?

Gob. Sir.

Arb. Where is she, man?

Gob. Who, Sir?

Arb. Who, hast thou forgot my Sister?

Gob. Your Sister, Sir?

Arb. Your Sister, Sir? some one that hath a wit, answer where  
is she?

Gob. Do you not see her there?

Arb. Where?

Gob. There.

Arb. There, where?

Mar. 'S light, there, are you blind?

Arb. Which do you mean, that little one?

Gob. No, Sir.

Arb. No, Sir, why do you mock me? I can see  
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

Gob. That's she.

Arb. Away.

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. 'Tis false.

Gob. Is it?

Arb. As hell by heaven, as false as hell,  
My Sister: is she dead? if it be so,  
Speak boldly to me: for I am a man  
And dare not quarrel with Divinity  
And do not think to cozen me with this:  
I see you all are mute, and stand amaz'd,  
Fearful to answer me; it is too true,  
A decreed instant cuts off ev'ry life.



*King and his King*

For which to mourn, to the death, as he did  
A Virgin, though more innocent than I, yet  
As clear as her own eyes, and blessedness  
I eternal waits upon her where she is,  
I know she could not make a will to change,  
Her state for new, and you shall see me bear  
My crosses like a man, we all shall die,  
And she hath taught us how to die,  
Gob. Do not mistake, I am not of your blood,  
And vex your self for nothing, for her death,  
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis she,  
And if my speech deserve not faith, my death  
Upon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

Arb. Which, good Gobrias?  
That Lady dost thou mean?  
Gob. That Lady, Sir,  
She is your Sister, and she is your Sister,  
That loves you so, 'tis she for whom I weep,  
To see you use her thus.

Arb. I cannot be a child and such a one,  
Tigr. Pish, this is tedious,  
I cannot hold, I must present my self,  
And yet the sight of my Spaconia  
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap,  
Does one that is about to sin.

Arb. Away,  
No more of this, here I pronounce him traitor,  
The direct plotter of my death, that names  
Or thinks her for my Sister, 'tis a lie,  
The most malicious of the world, inventer  
To mad your King; he that will say so next,  
Let him draw out his sword, and sheath it here,  
It is a sin fully as pardonable:  
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;  
If she were ever, I create her none:  
And which of you can question this? My power  
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,  
And not disputed with: I have decreed her  
As far from having part of blood with me,  
As the naked Indians: come, and answer me,  
He that is boldest now; is that my Sister?

Mar. O this is fine.  
Ref. No marry is she not, an' please your Majesty,

*A King and no King.*

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**I** never thought she was, she's nothing like you.

*Arb.* No, 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou shouldst be hang'd.

*Pan.* Sir, I will speak but once; by the same power

You make my blood a stranger unto yours

You may command me dead, and so much love

A stranger may importune, pray you do

If this request appear too much to grant

Adopt me of some other Family

By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live

Like sinful issues that are left in streets

By their regardless Mothers, and no name

Will be found for me

*Arb.* I will hear no more,

Why should there be such music in a voice

And sin for me to hear it? All the world

May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation

For me to do so: You are fair and wise,

And vertuous, I think, and he is blest

That is so near you as your brother is:

But you are nought to me but a disease

Continual torment without hope of ease

Such an ungodly sickness I have got,

That he that undertakes my cure, must first

O'rethrow Divinity, all moral Laws,

And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts,

Allowing 'em to do all actions,

As freely as they drink when they desire.

Let me not hear you speak again; yet see

I shall but languish for the want of that

The having which would kill me: No man here

Offer to speak for her; for I consider

As much as you can say: I will not toil

My body and my mind too, rest thou there,

Here's one within will labour for you both.

*Pan.* I would I were past speaking.

*Gob.* Fear not, Madam,

The King will alter, 'tis some sudden rage,

And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray God it do.

*Tigr.* Though she to whom I swore, before, I cannot

Strife my passion longer: if my father

Should rise again disquieted with this,

And charge me to forbear, yet it would cut

E 3 Madam,

Madam, a stranger, and a philosopher begs  
To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,  
I think, but if you be not, this suit me  
To make you so: for I am here a stranger  
Greater then you: we know from whence you come,  
But I appear a lost thing, and by where  
Is yet uncertain; found here in the Court,  
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,  
As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* O I fear

*Tigranes* will be caught, he looks methinks,  
As he would change his eyes with her; some help  
There is above for me I hope.

*Tigr.* Why do you turn away and weep so fast,  
And utter things that misbecome your looks?  
Can you want owning?

*Spa.* O 'tis certain so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge your self mine.

*Arb.* How now?

*Tigr.* And then see if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking.

*Tigr.* Nations shall own you for their Queen.

*Arb.* *Tigranes*, art not thou my prisoner?

*Tigr.* I am.

*Arb.* And who is this?

*Tigr.* She is your Sister.

*Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so again? that's well.

*Arb.* And how dare you then offer to change words with her?

*Tigr.* Dare do it, why? you brought me hither, Sir,

To that intent.

*Arb.* Perhaps I told you so,

If I had sworn it, had you so much folly

To credit it? The least word that she speaks

Is worth a life: rule your disordered tongue,

Or I will temper it.

*Spa.* Blest be that breath.

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue? such incivilities  
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:

You break the laws of Nature, and of Nations;

You talk to me as if I were a prisoner

For theft: my tongue be temper'd? I must speak

If thunder check me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will.

*Spa.* Alas my fortune,

*Tigr.* Do not fear his frown, dear Madam, hear me.

*Arb.* Fear not my frown? but that 'twere base in me.

To fight with one I know I can o'come,

Again thou shouldst be conquer'd by me.

*Mar.* He has one ransom with him already, methinks 'twere good to fight double or quit.

*Arb.* Away with him to prison: Now, Sir, see

If my frown be regardless: why delay you?

Seize him, *Bacurim*, you shall know my word

Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with,

Are as the chaff before it.

*Tigr.* Touch me not.

*Arb.* Help there.

*Tig.* Away.

*1 Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.

*2 Gent.* You must be forc'd.

*Bac.* Sir, you must pardon us, we must obey.

*Arb.* Why do you dally there? drag him away.

By any thing.

*Bac.* Come, Sir.

*Tigr.* Justice, thou oughtst to give me strength enough

To shake all these off. This is tyranny,

*Arb.* *es*, subtiler then the burning Bulls,

Or that fam'd Tyrants bed. Thou mightst as well

Search i' the deep of winter through the snow

For half-starv'd people, to bring home with thee

To shew 'em fire, and send 'em back again,

As use me thus.

*Arb.* Let him be close, *Bacurim*.

[*Exit Tig. and Bac.*]

*Spa.* I ne'er rejoyc'd at any ill to him,

But this imprisonment: what shall become

Of me forsaken?

[*Exit Spaconia.*]

*Gsb.* You will not let your Sister

Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

*Arb.* By no means, *Gabriel*, I have done her wrong,

And made my self believe much of my self,

That is not in me: You did kneel to me,

Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by;

And like a god incens'd, gave no ear

To all your prayers: behold I kneel to you,

Shew a contempt as large as was my own,

And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgive me.

*End.*

*Pan.* O you wrong me more in this,  
Then in your rage you did : you mock me now.

*Arb.* Never forgive me then, which is the worst  
Can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look  
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.

*Arb.* Rise you then too ; here I acknowledge thee  
My hope, the only jewel of my life,  
The best of Sisters, dearer then my breath,  
A happiness as high as I could think ;  
And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
Perdition light upon me,

*Pan.* This is better

Then if you had not frown'd ; it comes to me  
Like mercy at the block ; and when I leave

To serve you with my life, your curse be with me.

*Arb.* Then thus I do salute thee, and again,

To make this knot the stronger ; Paradise

Is there : It may be you are yet in doubt,

This third kiss blots it out. I wade in sin,

And foolishly intice my self along :

Take her away, see her a prisoner

In her own chamber, closely, *Gobrias.*

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, why ?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer ; do it.

*Gob.* Good Sir.

*Arb.* No more ; do it I say.

*Mar.* This is better and better.

*Pan.* Yet hear me speak.

*Arb.* I will not hear you speak.

Away with her ; let no man think to speak

For such a creature : for she is a Witch,

A Poysoner, and a Traitor.

*Gob.* Madam, this Office grieves me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well the King is pleas'd with it.

*Arb.* *Efflu*, go you along too with her ; I will prove

All this that I have said, if I may live

So long : but I am desperately sick,

For she has given me poyson in a kiss ;

She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes

She witches people ; go without a word. [ *Exeunt* Gob. Pan. & Bc.

Why should you that have made me stand in war

Like fate it self, cutting what threds I pleas'd,

Decree



Decree such an unworthy end of me,  
And all my glories? What am I alas,  
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts  
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,  
They could not hurt you, and it is in you  
To give me sorrow, that will render me  
Apt to receive your mercy: rather so,  
Let it be rather so, then punish me  
With such unmanly sins: Incest is in me  
Dwelling already, and it must be holy  
That pulls it thence; where art *Mardonius*?

*Mar.* Here, Sir.

*Arb.* I pray thee bear me, if thou canst.  
Am not I grown a strange weight?

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heavier?

*Mar.* No, Sir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs

Refuse to bear my body; O *Mardonius*,  
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st  
I could have gone, though I could never run.

*Mar.* And so I shall again.

*Arb.* O no, 'tis past.

*Mar.* Pray you go rest your self.

*Arb.* Wilt thou hereafter, when they talk of me,  
As thou shalt, hear nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee do: for thou shalt never see me so again. [Exit.

*Enter Bessus alone.*

*Bes.* They talk of game, I have gotten it in the wars, and will  
afford any man a reasonable penny-worth, some will say they could  
be content to have, but that it is to be achiev'd with danger; but  
my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in Cannon proof,  
and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it: my reputation  
came principally by thinking to run away, which no body knows  
but *Mardonius*; and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I  
went to the wars, I came to the Town a young fellow without  
means, or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me  
to lie, and abuse people for my meat, which I did, and they beat me:  
then would I fast two days, till my hunger cry'd out on me, rail  
still; then methought I had a monstrous stomach to abuse em again,  
and did it. 'Tis this state I continued till they hung me up by the heels,  
and beat me w<sup>th</sup> hallow sticks, as if they would ha' baked me, and have  
cozen'd.

coven'd some body w<sup>th</sup> me for Venison : After this I railed, and eat quietly : for the whole Kingdom took notice of me for a basted whipt fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger ; of which I was glad, I would it were at that pass again. After this, God call'd an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a coufens hand for me who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, rais'd a company for me, with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em : Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not run, I was never at battel but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgel'd me ; yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid, that I saw no more then my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em : Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd. A pox of their eloquence, 'twill cost me many a beating : And Mardonius might help this too, if he would, for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly, worthily, as they call it, by way of Challenge.

[Enter a Gent.]

3 Gent. Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

Bes. Good morrow, Sir.

3 Gent. I come to speak with you.

Bes. You're very welcome.

3 Gent. From one that holds himself wronged by you, some three years since : your worth he says is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as becoms a Souldier.

Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

3 Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me ; 'tis an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not ?

3 Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting ? O cry you mercy, what a complement he delivers it with ? he might as agreeably to my nature, present me poyson with such a speech : um um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um forc'd to this, um um um with my sword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um dear to me, um um um satisfaction : 'Tis very well, Sir, I do accept it, but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

3 Gent. Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit I am already engag'd to two hundred and twelve, all which must have their stains wip't off, if that be the word before him.

3 Gent.

3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

*Bef.* Upon my faith, Sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much bruis'd in battel, so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a day : All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolutely in my roll the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something : for I tell you, I think there will be more after him, then before him. I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will, Sir, good morrow to you.

[*Exit 3 Gent.*]

*Bef.* Good morrow, good Sir. Certainly my safest way were to print my self a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post : I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours, marvy all but the first I put off with ingagement, and by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that that's referr'd, the place where it must be ended, is four days journey off, and our arbitrators are these : He has chosen a Gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five year, for mine ; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friends health : If they would find me Challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living ; I can make seven shillings a day o' the paper to the Grocers : yet I learn nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I do find evidently that there is some one Scrivener in this Town, that has a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand ; and they all end, my reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction : Who's there ? more paper I hope ; no, tis my Lord *Bacurins*, I fear all is not well betwixt us.

[*Enter Bac.*]

*Bac.* Now Captain *Bessus*, I come about a frivolous matter caused by as idle a report : you know you were a coward.

*Bef.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wrong'd me.

*Bef.* True my Lord.

*Bac.* But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I think, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

*Bef.* O my good Lord, my deep ingagements.

*Bac.* Tell not me of your ingagements, Captain *Bessus* ; it is not to be put off with an excuse : for my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

*Bef.* My Lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

*Bac.* Who then pray ?

*Bef.* *Bessus* the coward wrong'd you.

F

*Bac.*

*Bac.* Right.

*Bef.* And shall *Bessus* the valiant maintain what *Bessus* the coward did?

*Bac.* I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beat extremely, and kick'd

*Bef.* Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord, I will fight with you; and by my Sword, it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your leg? why? what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you, stand up.

*Bef.* My Lord, this is not noble in you.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

*Bef.* My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confess thy self a coward still, or by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

*Bef.* Why I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so, Sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle, quick.

*Bef.* My Lord.

*Bac.* Unbuckle, I say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ake extremely.

*Bef.* It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a new-years gift.

*Bac.* I thank you heartily, sweet Captain, farewell.

*Bef.* One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife again.

*Bac.* Marry by all means, Captain, cherish your self with it, and eat hard, good Captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such: Adieu dear Captain. [Exit *Bacurius*.]

*Bef.* I will make better use of this, then of my sword: A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the King in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eat my sword to a knife; how to get another sword I know not, nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that is left-uneaten of my sword. [Exit *Bessus*.]

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* I'll move the King, he's most strangely alter'd; I guess the cause I fear too right, Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge no question justly laid upon him: He has followed me through twenty rooms, and ever when I stay to await his command, he

he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modestly kept in his business : so turns away from me, but if I go on, he follows me again.

[Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is, I do not use this, yet I know not how, I cannot chuse but weep to see him : his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears i'their eyes.

*Arb.* I cannot utter it, why should I keep  
A breast to harbour thoughts, I dare not speak ?  
Darkness is in my bosom, and there lies  
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light ;  
How wilt thou vex me when this deed is done ?  
Conscience, thou art afraid to let me name it.

*Mar.* How do you, Sir ?

*Arb.* Why very well, *Mardonius*, how dost thou do ?

*Mar.* Better than you I fear.

*Arb.* I hope thou art ; for to be plain with thee,  
Thou art in hell else, secret scorching flames  
That far transcend earthly material fires  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure,  
Is not that strange, *Mardonius*, there is no cure ?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid  
That you would utter to me.

*Arb.* So there is, but yet I cannot do it.

*Mar.* Out with it, Sir, if it be dangerous I shall not shrink to do  
you service, I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter then indeed it is, I know 'tis subject to more chances then it has hours, and I were better lose it in my Kings cause, then with an ague, or a fall, or sleeping, to a thief ; as all these are probable enough : let me but know what I shall do for you.

*Arb.* It will not out : were you with *Gobrias*,  
And bad him give my Sister all content  
The place affords, and give her leave to send  
And speak to whom she please ?

*Mar.* Yes, Sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to *Bacurius* say as much  
About *Tigranes* ?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my business.

*Mar.* O say not so.

You had an answer of this before ;  
Besides, I think this business might be utter'd  
More carelessly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out ; I do beseech thee



By all the love thou hast profess't to me,  
To see my sister from me.

*Mar.* Well, and what?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Mar.* That's strange, shall I say nothing to her?

*Arb.* Not a word.

But if thou lovest me, find some subtle way  
To make her understand by signs.

*Mar.* But what should I make her understand?

*Arb.* O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardoned.

*Mar.* You may, but I can only see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true;

Bear her this Ring then, and on more advice  
Thou shalt speak to her: tell her I do love  
My kindred all; wilt thou?

*Mar.* Is there no more?

*Arb.* O yes, and her the best;

Better then any brother loves his sister: That's all.

*Mar.* Methinks this

Need not have been delivered with such a caution;  
Else do it.

*Arb.* There is more yet;

Wilt thou be faithful to me?

*Mar.* Sir, If I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it,  
I'll pass through fire to do it.

*Arb.* I love her better then a brother ought;

Dost thou conceive me?

*Mar.* I hope I do not, Sir.

*Arb.* No, thou art dull, kneel down before her,  
And ne'er rise again, till she will love me.

*Mar.* Why, I think she does.

*Arb.* But better then she does, another way;  
As wives love husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I think there are few wives that love their  
Husbands, better then she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me: is it fit  
This should be uttered plainly? take it then  
Naked as it is: I would desire her love  
Lasciviously, leudly, incestuously,  
To do a sin that needs must damn us both;  
And thee too: Dost thou understand me now?

*Mar.* Yes, there's your Ring again; what have I done  
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,  
That you should put so base a business to me?

*Arb.*

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst do it?

*Mar.* Yes, if I undertook it; but if all  
My hairs were lives, I would not be ingag'd  
In such a cause to save my last life.

*Arb.* O guilt, how poor, and weak a thing art thou?  
This man that is my servant, whom my breath  
Might blow about the world, might beat me here  
Having his cause, whilst I prest down with sin  
Could not resist him. Hear, *Mardonius*,  
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,  
And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Pray God you may be so: you must understand, nothing  
that you can utter, can remove my love and service from my  
Prince. But otherwise, I think I shall not love you more. For  
you are sinful, and if you do this crime, you ought to have no  
laws. For after this it will be great injustice in you to punish any  
offender for any crime: For my self, I find my heart too big: I  
feel I have not patience to look on whilst you run these forbidden  
courses: Means I have none but your Favour, and I am rather  
glad that I shall lose 'em both together, then keep 'em with such  
conditions; I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where  
though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far  
within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. God preserve you, and  
mend you.

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, stay, *Mardonius*, For though  
My present state require nothing but knaves  
To be about me, such as are prepar'd  
For every wicked act, yet who does know  
But that my loathed Fate may turn about,  
And I have use of honest men again?  
I hope I may, I prethee leave me not.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* Where's the King?

*Mar.* There.

*Bes.* An't please your Majesty, there's the knife.

*Arb.* What knife?

*Bes.* The Sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away you Fool, the King is serious,  
And cannot now admit your vanities.

*Bes.* Vanities! I'm no honest man if my enemies have not  
brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

*Arb.* No, no, 'tis well, *Bessus*, 'tis very well, I am glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are Cut-  
tlers, come, leave the King.

*Bes.*

*Bef.* Why may not valour approach him?

*Mar.* Yes, but he has affairs, depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

*Arb.* No, let him stay, *Mardonius*, let him stay,  
I have occasions with him very weighty,  
And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Why I can spare you now.

*Bef.* *Mardonius*, give way to the state affairs.

*Mar.* Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose. [Exit *Mar.*

*Arb.* *Festus*, I should imploy thee; wilt thou do't.

*Bef.* Do't for you? by this air, I will do any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Do not swear.

*Bef.* By this light, but I will, any thing whatsoever.

*Arb.* But I shall name a thing

Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

*Bef.* I would fain hear that thing.

*Arb.* Why I would fain have thee get my Sister for me:  
Thou understaudest me, in a wicked manner.

*Bef.* O you would have a bout with her?

I'll do't, I'll do't, I'll faith.

*Arb.* Wilt thou, dost thou make no more on't?

*Bef.* More? no, why is there any thing else? if there be, tell me, it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?  
Thou art too wicked for my company,  
Though I have hell within me, thou may'st yet  
Corrupt me further: pray thee answer me,  
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bef.* Why your Majesty looks as well in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,  
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing  
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes  
Like flames of *Sulphur*, which methinks do dart  
Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth  
Enough to take me in, where there do stand  
Four rows of Iron teeth.

*Bef.* I feel no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I look, I'll do your business as well as they that look better, and when this is dispatched, if you have a mind to your Mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

*Arb.* My Mother! Heaven forgive me! To hear this,

I am inspired with horror: I hate thee  
Worse then my sin, which if I could come by,  
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise  
In any breast again. Know I will die  
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall;  
Ere I will deal by such an instrument:  
Thou art too sinful to imploy in this.  
Out of the world, away.

*Bef.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight  
Into the desarts, where 'mongst all the monsters  
If thou find'st one so beastly as thy self,  
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

*Bef.* Good Sir.

*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as thou,  
We Kings could never act such wicked deeds:  
Seek out a man that mocks Divinity,  
That breaks each precept both of God and man,  
And nature too, and does it without lust,  
Merely because it is a law, and good,  
And live with him: for him thou canst not spoil.  
Away I say, I will not do this sin.

[Exit Beffus.]

I'll press it here, till it do break my breast,  
It heaves to get out, but thou art a sin,  
And spight of torture I will keep thee in.

# Act IV.

*Enter Gobrias, Panthra, Spaconia.*

*Gob.* Have you written, Madam?

*Pan.* Yes, Good Gobrias.

*Gob.* And with a kindness, and such winning words  
As may provoke him at one instant feel  
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words may win him  
From his displeasure; and such words I hope  
As shall gain much upon his goodness: *Gobrias,*  
Yet fearing since they are many, and a womans,  
A poor belief may follow, I have woven  
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,  
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em,

*Gob.*

*Gob.* Good Lady, be not fearful, though he should not  
 Give you your present end in this; believe it,  
 You shall feel, if your vertue can induce you  
 To labour on't, this tempest which I know  
 Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience:  
 All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,  
 Newer and sweeter to you, our Royal Brother,  
 When he shall once collect himself, and see  
 How far he has been asunder from himself;  
 What a meer stranger to his golden temper:  
 Must from those roots of vertue never dying,  
 Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again  
 Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches  
 High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,  
 Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,  
 I know it, and I hope I need not farther  
 Win you to understand it.

*Pan.* I believe it.

But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;  
 So dearly, that if any thing I write  
 For my enlarging, should beget his anger,  
 Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,  
 I had rather live intomb'd here.

*Gob.* You shall not feel a worse stroke then your grief.  
 I am sorry 'tis so sharp, I kiss your hand,  
 And this night will deliver this true story,  
 With this hand to your brother.

*Pan.* Peace go with you, you are a good man.  
 My *Spaconia*, why are you ever sad thus?

[Exit Gob.]

*Spa.* O dear Lady!

*Pan.* Prethee discover not a way to sadness,  
 Nearer then I have in me, our two sorrows  
 Work like two eager Hawks, who shall get highest:  
 How shall I lessen thine? for mine I fear  
 Is easier known then cur'd.

*Spa.* Heaven comfort both,  
 And give you happy ends, how ever I  
 Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

*Pan.* This but teaches  
 How to be more familiar with our sorrows,  
 That are too much our Masters: good *Spaconia*,  
 How shall I do you service?

*Spa.* Noblest Lady,  
 You make me more a slave still to your goodness,

And



And only live to purchase thanks to pay you,  
For that is all the business of my life now,  
I will be bold, since you will have it so,  
To ask a noble favour of you.

*Pan.* Speak it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a virtue,  
No ill demand has issue.

*Spa.* Then ever virtuous, let me beg your will  
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,  
With whom I'm equal prisoner, if not more.

*Pan.* Reserve me to a greater end, *Spaonia*;  
*Bacurim* cannot want so much good manners  
As to deny your gentle visitation,  
Though you came only with your own command.

*Spa.* I know they will deny me, gracious Madam,  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,  
So utter empty of these excellencies,  
That tame authority; but in you, sweet Lady,  
All these are natural; beside a power  
Deriv'd immediate from your Royal Brother,  
Whose least word in you, may command the Kingdom.

*Pan.* More than my word, *Spaonia*, you shall carry,  
For fear it fail you.

*Spa.* Dare you trust a token?  
Madam, I fear I am too bold a begger.

*Pan.* You are a pretty one, and trust me, Lady,  
It joyes me I shall do a good to you,  
Though to my self I never shall be happy:  
Here take this Ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it; I think they will not stay you:  
So all your own desires go with you, Lady.

*Spa.* And sweet peace to your Grace.

*Pan.* Pray God I find it.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Tigranes in prison.*

*Tigr.* Fool that I am, I have undone my self,  
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,  
That was a fair one: I have childishly  
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,  
And now too late I mourn for't: O *Spaonia*,  
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.  
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires? but wretched fool,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,  
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her  
To the fair Princess? O thou fool, thou fool,

G

Thou

Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,  
 And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment;  
 Thou hast deserv'd it: Couldst thou find no Lady  
 But she that has thy hopes to put her to,  
 And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse  
 But she that lov'd thee ever? poor *Spaconia*,  
 And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty  
 And honour, thou art bound to meet her vertues;  
 She that forgot the greatness of her grief  
 And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,  
 Endless and wild as women: She that for thee  
 And with thee left her liberty, her name,  
 And Countrey. You have paid me equal, Heavens,  
 And sent my own rod to correct me with:  
 A woman for unconstancy I'll suffer;  
 Lay it on, Justice, till my soul melt in me  
 For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting  
 Upon a new face; after all my oaths,  
 Many and strange ones,  
 I feel my old fire flame again and burn  
 So strong and violent, that should I see her  
 Again, the grief, and that would kill me.

*Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.*

*Bac* Lady,  
 Your token I acknowledge, you may pass;  
 There is the King.

*Spa.* I thank your Lordship for it. [Exit Bac.]

*Tigr.* She comes, she comes, shame hide me ever from  
 Her, would I were buried, or so far remov'd  
 Light might not find me out: I dare not see her.

*Spa.* Nay never hide your self; or were you hid  
 Where earth hides all her riches, near her center;  
 My wrongs without more day would light me to you:  
 I must speak ere I die; were all your greatness  
 Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd man  
 And only mighty in your wickedness  
 Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince;  
 I live to see it, poor *Spaconia* lives  
 To tell thee thou art false; and then no more:  
 She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant  
 Then all ill women ever were together;  
 Thy faith as firm as raging overflows  
 That no bank can command; as lasting  
 As boys gay bubbles blown in the air and broken:

*Exit*

The

The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall  
The beaten Mariner with his shrill whistle,  
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,  
And strike it smooth again; then thy soul fall  
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all  
That all good men must hate, and if thy story  
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
O let it spare me in it, lest true Lovers  
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,  
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes.

*Tigr.* O! O!

*Spa.* The destinies I hope have pointed out  
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love  
Though not for me: for this assure thy self,  
The Princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
Be won to marry with a Bull, and safer,  
Then such a beast as thou art. I have strook  
I fear too deep; bestrow me for't, Sir,  
This sorrow works me like a cunning friendship,  
Into the same piece with it; 'tis affam'd.  
Alas, I have been too rugged: Dear my Lord,  
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,  
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint  
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd  
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;  
And do as I will do, forgive it, Prince,  
I do, and can forgive the greatest sins  
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

*Tigr.* O my *Spaonia*! O thou vertuous woman!  
*Spa.* No more, the King, Sir.

*Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonius.*

*Arb.* Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,  
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

*Bac.* I hope his Grace will 'quite me for my care, Sir.

*Arb.* 'Tis well: Royal *Tigranes*, health.

*Tigr.* More then the strictness of this place can give, Sir,  
I offer back again to great *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* We thank you, worthy Prince, and pray excuse us,  
We have not seen you since your being here,  
I hope your noble usage has been equal  
With your own person: your imprisonment  
If it be any, I dare say is easie,  
And shall not out-last two days.

*Tigr.* I thank you:

My usage here has been the same it was,  
 Worthy a royal Conqueror. For my restraint,  
 It came unkindly, because much unlook't for ;  
 But I must bear it.

*Arb.* What Lady's that, *Bacurius*?

*Bac.* One of the Princesses women, Sir.

*Arb.* I fear'd it, why comes she hither?

*Bac.* To speak with the Prince *Tigranes*.

*Arb.* From whom, *Bacurius*?

*Bac.* From the Princess, Sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seen her.

*Mar.* His fit begins to take him now again.

'Tis a strange Fever ; and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear ;

Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly :

Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they  
 list, and held the bravest Fellows ; This pelting, prating peace is  
 good for nothing : drinking's a vertue to't.

*Arb.* I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
 But for his own ends, why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your own command to bar none from him,  
 Beside the Princess sent her Ring, Sir, for my warrant.

*Arb.* A token to *Tigranes*, did she not?  
 Sir, tell truth.

*Bac.* I do not use to lie, Sir,

'Tis no way I eat or live by, and I think;

This is no token, Sir.

*Mar.* This combat has undone him : If he had been well beaten,  
 he had been temperate : I shall never see him handfom again, till  
 he have a horse-mans staff yok't through his shoulders, or an arm  
 broke with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am trifled with.

*Bac.* Sir.

*Arb.* I know it, and I know thee to be false.

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

*Bac.* You never knew me so, Sir, I dare speak it,  
 And durst a worse man tell me though my better——

*Mar.* 'Tis well said, by my Soul.

*Arb.* Sirra, you answer, as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I fear, Sir, to lose nobly.

*Arb.* I say, Sir, once again.

*Bac.* You may say what you please, Sir,  
 Would I might do so.

*Arb.* I will, Sir, and say openly this woman carries letters,  
 By my life, I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

*Mar.* Would *Bessie* were here, to take her aside and search her, he would quickly tell you what she carried, Sir.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawds, Chambermaids, and Post-boys. I thank God I have none but his letters patents, things of his own inditing.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tigr.* Do, what, Sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turn, Prince.

*Tigr.* Serve my turn, Sir?

*Arb.* I, Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

*Tigr.* Be plainer, good Sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love  
*Pantha.* By heaven, she shall not, I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a Saint swear like a Souldier.

*Tigr.* This beats me more, King, then the blows you gave me.

*Arb.* Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept, or, Sirra, your life shall answer it; and let no body speak with 'em hereafter.

*Tigr.* Well, I am subject to you, And must endure these passions.

*Spa.* This is the imprisonment I have look't for always, And the dear place I would chuse. [Exit *Tig*, *Spa*, *Bac*.]

*Mar.* Sir, have you done well now?

*Arb.* Date you reprove it?

*Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters, Sir, to anger you, But a dry Sonnet of my Corporals

To an old Sutless wife, and that I'll burn, Sir:

'Tis like to prove a fine age for the Ignorant.

*Arb.* How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?

Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you will not, or if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies

When I am dead? Who shall put to his power

To draw those vertues out of a flood of humours,

When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?

No, cut my head off:

Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse;

And have your too self-glorious temper rot

Into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you,

*Till*



Th' foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter  
Be every where about you like your flatterers.  
Do kill me.

*Arb.* Prithee be tamer, good *Mardonius*.  
Thou know'st I love thee, may I honour thee,  
Believe it, good old Souldier, I am thine,  
But I am rackt clean from my self, bear with me,  
Wilt thou bear with me, my *Mardonius*? [Enter *Gobrias*.

*Mar.* There comes a good man, love him too,  
He's temperate.

You may live to have need of such a virtue,  
Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome, good *Gobrias*.

*Gob.* My service and this letter to your Grace.

*Arb.* From whom?

*Gob.* From the rich mine of virtue, and all beauty,  
Your mournful Sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, *Gobrias*, is she not?

*Gob.* She is, Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,  
Which on my knees I beg. O'tis not fit  
That all the sweetness of the world in one,  
The youth, and virtue that would tame wild Tygers  
And wilder people, that have known no manners,  
Should live thus cloystered up for your loves sake,  
If there be any in that Noble heart  
To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn,  
Or for her love to you, which is as much  
As nature and obedience ever gave,  
Have pity on her beauties.

*Arb.* Pray thee stand up; 'Tis true she is too fair,  
And all these commendations but her own.  
Would thou hadst never so commended her,  
Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, *Gobrias*;  
If thou burknew'st the wrong her beauty does her  
Thou wouldst in pity of her be a lyer:

Thy ignorance has drawn me wretched man  
Whither my self nor thou canst well tell; O my fate!  
I think she loves me, but I fear another  
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, *Gobrias*?

*Gob.* I do beseech your Grace, believe it not,  
For let me perish if it be not false,  
Good Sir, read her Letter.

*Mar.* This Love, or what a devil it is I know not, begets more  
mischief than a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lout-  
sic,

He, then live within the air on't. He that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but a'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'r believe his eyes again: If he continue thus but two days more, a Taylor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty.  
And there be thousand reasons, *Gobrias*,  
Thousands that will deny't:  
Which if she knew, she would contentedly  
Be where she is, and blefs her vertue for it,  
And me, though she were closer. She would, *Gobrias*,  
Good man, indeed she would.

*Gob.* Then, good Sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her, and with reason make her know  
Why she must live thus from you.

*Arb.* I will; go bring her to me. [Exeunt all.]

*Enter Bessus and two Sword men, and a Boy.*

*Bes.* You're very welcome both, some stools there, boy,  
And reach a Table; Gentlemen o'th' Sword,  
Pray sit without more complement: be gone child,  
I have been curious in the searching of you,  
Because I understand you wise, and valiant persons.

1 We understand our selves, Sir.

*Bes.* Nay Gentlemen, and my dear friends o'th' Sword,  
No complement I pray, but toth' cause  
I hang upon, which in few, is my honour.

2 You cannot hang too much, Sir, for your honour,  
But to your cause.

*Bes.* Be wise, and speak truth, my first doubt is, my beating by  
my Prince.

1 Stay there a little, Sir, do you doubt a beating?  
Or have you had a beating by your Prince?

*Bes.* Gentlemen o'th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 Brother, what think you of this case?

1 If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2 If he have beaten him, I grant the case;

But how? we cannot be too subtil in this business,  
I say, but how?

*Bes.* Even with his royal hand.

1 Was it a blow of love or indignation?

*Bes.* 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, Gentlemen,

Besides two blows o'the face.

2 Those blows o'th' face have made a new cause on't.

The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

1 Two

1 Two blows, o' the face, and given by a worse man, I must confess as we Sword-men say, had turn'd the business : Mark me, brother, by a worse man ; but being by his Prince, had they been ten, and those ten drawn ten teeth, beside the hazard of his nose for ever : all this had been but favours : This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 The King may do much, Captain, believe it, for had he crackt your skull through like a bottle, or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour : This is strange you may imagine ; but this is truth, now Captain.

Bef. I will be glad to embrace it, Gentlemen ;  
But how far may he strike me ?

1 There's another :

A new cause rising from the time and distance,  
In which I will deliver my opinion :

He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten ; for these are natural to man : your Prince, I say may beat you, so far forth as his dominion reacheth ; that's for the distance ; the time, ten mile a day, I take it.

2 Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen mile a day,  
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bef. 'Tis o' the longest, But we Subjects must.

1 Be subject to it : you are wise and vertuous.

Bef. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,  
To which I dedicate my beaten body ;  
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o' th' Sword.

2 No trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may  
Profit your understanding ; we are bound  
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions,  
Shortly, and discreetly.

Bef. My forest business is, I have been kickt.

2 How far Sir ?

Bef. Not to flatter my self in it, all over, my sword fore't, but not lost ; for discreetly I rendered it to save that imputation.

1 It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 Brother, this is a pretty case, pray ponder on't,  
Our friend here has been kickt.

1 He has so, brother.

2 Soresly he says : Now had he sat down here  
Upon the meer kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 I think it had been cowardly indeed.

2 But our friend has redeemed it in delivering  
His sword without compulsion ; and that man  
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,

And

And his kicks nullities.

He should have kickt him after the delivery,  
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Brother, I take it you mistake the question :  
For say that I were kickt.

2 I must not say so ;

Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man,  
You kickt, dear brother ? you're merry.

1 But put the case I were kickt.

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their lives, and know  
not honour : put the case you were kickt ?

1 I do not say I was kickt.

2 Nor no silly creature, that wears his head without a case, his  
soul in a skin-coat : You kickt, dear brother ?

Bef. Nay, Gentlemen, let us do that we shall do,

Truly and honestly : Good Sirs, to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your boy kickt, Captain.

2 The boy may be suppos'd is liable.

1 A foolish forward zeal, Sir, in my friend ;  
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kickt.

Bef. I do suppose it.

1 Has your boy a sword ?

Bef. Surely no : I pray suppose a sword too.

1 I do suppose it : you grant your boy was kickt then.

2 By no means, Captain, let it be suppos'd still ; the word  
grant, makes not for us.

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted, brother ?

1 I, this must be granted.

2 Still this must ?

1 I say this must be granted.

2 Give me the must again ; brother, you palter.

1 I will not hear you waive.

2 Brother, I say you palter, the must three times together ; I  
wear as sharp steel as another man,

And my fox bites as deep, musted my dear brother ?

But to the cause again.

Bef. Nay, look you, Gentlemen.

2 In a word, I ha' done.

1 A tall man, but untemperate, 'tis great pity.

Once more suppose the boy kickt.

2 Forward.

1 And being thoroughly kickt, laughs at the kicker.

2 So much for us ; proceed.

1 And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,  
Delivers up his weapon: where lies the error?

Bef. It lies i'th' beating, Sir,  
I found it four days since.

2 The error and a fore one, as I take it;  
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bef. I understand that well, 'tis fore indeed, Sir.

1 That is according to the man that did it.

2 There springs a new branch, whose was the foot?

Bef. A Lords.

1 The cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,  
And both had kickt you, if you laugh, 'tis clear.

Bef. I did laugh,  
But how will that help me, Gentlemen?

2 Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh aloud.

Bef. As loud as a kickt man could laugh, I laugh, Sir.

1 My reason now; the valiant man is known  
By suffering and contemning; you have  
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 If he be sure he has been kickt enough:  
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,  
Confists not in a beating and away,  
But in a cudgel'd body, from eighteen  
To eight and thirty: in a head rebuk'd  
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bed-slaves,  
This shews a valiant man.

Bef. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;  
For these are all familiar things to me:

Familiar as my sleep, or want of money.  
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating.

I think I have been cudgel'd with all nations,  
And almost all religions.

2 Embrace him, brother, this man is valiant,  
I know it by myself; he's valiant.

1 Captain, thou art a valiant Gentleman.  
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

Bef. My equal friends o'th' Sword, I must request your hands to  
this.

2 'Tis fit it should be.

Bef. Boy, get some wine, and pen and ink within:  
Am I clear, Gentlemen?

1 Sir, the world has taken notice what you have done,  
Make much of your body, for I'll pawn my steel,  
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bef



*A King and no King.*

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*Bel.* I must request you go along and testify to the Lord *Bacuri-*  
*us*, whose foot has struck me, how you find my cause.

*a* We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,  
Or there be those abroad, will rule his Lordship. [Exit *Bel.*

*Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gob. and Panthæa at another.*

*Gob.* Sir, here's the Princess.

*Arb.* Leave us then alone.

For the main cause of her imprisonment

Must not be heard by any, but her self. [Exit *Gob.*

You're welcome, Sister, and I would to God

I could so bid you by another name:

If you above love not such sins as these,

Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow

To quench the rising flames that harbour here.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you, I shall speak?

*Arb.* Please me?

I, more than all the art of Musick can,

Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds

As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:

And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard,

I pray thee think so.

*Pan.* Be it so, I will.

I am the first that ever had a wrong

So far from being fit to have redress

That 'twas unfit to hear it; I will back

To prison, rather than disquiet you,

And wait till it be fit.

*Arb.* No, do not go;

For I will hear thee with a serious thought:

I have collected all that's man about me

Together strongly, and I am resolv'd

To hear thee largely, but I do beseech thee

Do not come nearer to me, for there is

Something in that, that will undo us both.

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, am I venom?

*Arb.* Yes, to me;

Though of thy self I think thee to be

In as equal a degree of heat, or cold,

As Nature can make: yet as unsound men

Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats

Into diseases, so shall I distemper'd,

Do thee, I pray thee draw no nearer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of late

Shut from the world, and why it should be thus

*Is will wish to know.* *Los gacha og noq fepet flum I*

*Arb.* Why credit me, *Panthea*;  
Credit me that am thy brother;

Thy loving brother, that there is a cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
That might undo thee everlastingly

Only to hear, wilt thou but credit this;  
By heaven, 'tis true, believe it if thou canst.

*Pan.* Children and fools are ever credulous;  
And I am both I think, for I believe:

If you dissemble, be it on your head;  
I'll back unto my prison: yet methinks

I might be kept in some place where you are;  
For in my self I find I know not what

To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often.

*Arb.* Fie, you come in a step, what do you mean?  
Dear Sister, do not so: Alas, *Panthea*,

Where I am would you be? why that's the cause  
You are imprison'd, that you may not be

Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must indure it, Sir, God keep you.

*Arb.* Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, *Panthea*;  
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,

And hang thy head down like a Violet  
Full of the mornings dew: There is a way

To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one  
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,

Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof  
Whether the gods have care of innocence,

Rather then follow it: know I have lost  
The only difference between man and beast,

My reason.

*Pan.* Heaven forbid.

*Arb.* Nay, it is gone.  
And I am left as far without a bound,

As the wild Ocean that obeys the winds;  
Each sudden passion throws me as it lists,

And overwhelms all that oppose my will:  
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye:

My heart is set on wickedness, to act  
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid  
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this, I shall not  
Which I beseech thee do not, I should may't gain

Thy

Thy liberty, and yield me a content :  
If not, thy dwelling must be dark, and close,  
Where I may never see thee : For God knows  
That laid this punishment upon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness  
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing :  
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou canst devise together ; and at once  
Hurl 'em against me : for I am a sickness  
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

*Pan.* Far be it from me to revile the King :  
But it is true, that I shall rather chuse  
To search out death that else would search out me,  
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,  
Then welcome such a sin : It is my fate,  
To these cros accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have patience ; and but that my eyes  
Have more of woman in 'em then my heart,  
I would not weep : Peace enter you again.

*Arb.* Farewel, and good *Pamela*, pray for me ;  
Thy prayers are pure, that I may find a death  
However soon, before my passions grow,  
That they forget what I desire is sin ;  
For thither they are tending : if that happen,  
Then I shall force thee, though tho' wert a Virgin  
By vow to heaven, and shall pull a heap  
Of strange, yet uninvented sins upon me.

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know  
It is a fullen fate that governs us.  
For I could wish as heartily as you  
I were no Sister to you, I should then  
Imbrace your lawful love sooner then health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me then ?

*Pan.* So perfectly,  
That as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart  
To like another.

*Arb.* Then I curse my birth,  
Must this be added to my miseries  
That thou art willing too ? Is there no stop  
To our full happiness, but these meer sounds,  
Brother and Sister ?

*Pan.* There is nothing else,  
But these alas will separate us more  
Then twenty worlds betwixt us.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* I have liv'd

To conquer men, and now am overthrow'd  
Only by words, Brother and Sister: where  
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,  
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,  
And yet have unquencht fire left in my breast:  
Let 'em be any thing but meerly voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the power of any force  
Or policy to conquer them.

*Arb.* *Panthea*, what shall we do?  
Shall we stand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out?

*Pan.* Would I could do so,  
But I shall weep out mine.

*Arb.* Accur'd man!  
Thou boughtst thy reason at too dear a rate;  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when every Beast is free:  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred  
But wretched Man? Who ever saw the Bull  
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd  
Because they had one Dam?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturb you, and my self too;  
'Twere better I were gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was,  
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,  
No otherwise: Brothers and Sisters may  
Walk hand in hand together; so will we;  
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* Faith, there is none at all:  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me?

*Pan.* No, by Heaven.

*Arb.* Why yet you sent unto *Tigranes*, Sister.

*Pan.* True, but for another: for the truth——

*Arb.* No more,  
I'll credit thee, I know thou canst not lie,  
Thou art all truth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else  
That we may do, but only walk? methinks

Brothers

Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kiss.

*Arb.* And so they may, *Pambas*; so will we,  
And kiss again too; we were scrupulous,  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me go  
To prison, to my death, to any thing:  
I dare no longer stay.

*Arb.* That is impossible. What should we do?

*Pan.* Flie, Sir, for Gods sake.

*Arb.* So we must away;

Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V.

*Enter Mardonius and Lygones.*

*Mar.* **S**IR, the King has seen your Commission, and believes  
it, and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit  
Prince *Tigranes*, your noble Master.

*Lyg.* I thank his Grace, and kiss his hand.

*Mar.* But is the main of all your business  
Ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse, I am ashamed, it is a business.

*Mar.* You serve a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you  
are; you may employ me if you please, without your purse, such  
offices should ever be their own rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your nobleness.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,  
If it be any, is not ill bestowed:  
But may I civilly desire the rest?  
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,  
And with her all my patience, pilfer'd away  
By a mean Captain of your Kings.

*Mar.* Stay there, Sir:  
If he have reacht the noble worth of Captain,  
He may well claim a worthy Gentlewoman,  
Though she were yours, and noble.

*Lyg.* I grant all that too: but this wretched fellow  
Reaches no further then the empty name,  
That serves to feed him; were he valiant,

Or



Or had but in him any noble nature,  
That might hereafter promise him a good man,  
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave  
A span yet from me.

*Mar.* I confess such fellows

Be in all royal camps and have, and must be,  
To make the sin of Coward more detested  
In the mean souldier, that with such a foil  
Sets off much valour: By description  
I should now guess him to you. It was *Bessus*,  
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lyg.* 'Tis such a scurvy name as *Bessus*, and now I think 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captain, do you call him?

Believe me Sir, you have a misery  
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him;  
For that must be the end of all his service:  
Your daughter was not mad, Sir?

*Lyg.* No, would she had been,  
The tank had had more credit: I would do something.

*Mar.* I would fain counsel you; but to what I know not:

He's so below a beating, that the women  
Find him not worthy of their distaffs; and to hang him,  
Were to cast away a rope;  
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,  
That no revenge can catch him:

I'll tell you, Sir, and tell you truth; this rascal  
Fears neither God nor man, he's been so beaten,  
Sufferance has made him wainfoot; he has had  
Since he was first a slave, at least three hundred daggers  
Set in's head, as little boys do new knives in hot mear,  
There's not a rib in's body, in my conscience  
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;  
And now his sides look like to wicker Targets,  
Every way bended.

Children will shortly take him for a wall,  
And set their stone-bows in his forehead. He's of so base a sense,  
I cannot in a week imagine what shall be done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure I have committed some great sin,  
That this strange fellow should be made my god,  
I would see him, but I shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter if you have not; if a laming of him,  
or such a toy may do you pleasure, Sir, he has it for you, and I'll  
help you to him: 'tis no news to him to have a leg broke, or a  
shoulder out, with being turn'd o'th' stones like a Tansie: Draw

not

not your sword, if you love it ; for on my conscience, his head will break it : we use him i'th' wars like a Ram to shake a wall withall ; here comes the very person of him, do as you shall find your temper, I must leave you : but if you do not break him like a Bisket, you are much to blame, Sir.

[Exit Mar.

*Enter Bessus and the Sword-men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name *Bessus*?

*Bes.* Men call me Captain *Bessus*.

*Lyg.* Then Captain *Bessus*, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums, a durty frozen slave ; and with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Swor.* Pray use your pleasure, Sir, you seem to be a Gentleman.

*Lyg.* Thus, Captain *Bessus*, thus ; thus twinge your nose, thus kick, and thus tread you.

*Bes.* I do beseech you yield your cause, Sir, quickly.

*Lyg.* Indeed I should have told you that first.

*Bes.* I take it so.

1 *Swor.* Captain, he should indeed, he is mistaken.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating,

You have stoln away a Lady, Captain Coward,

And such a one.

[Beats him.

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold, Sir, I never yet stole any living thing that had a tooth about it.

*Lyg.* Sir, I know you dare lie.

*Bes.* With none but Summer Whores, upon my life, Sir, My means and-manners never could attempt Above a hedge or hey-cock.

*Lyg.* Sirra, that quits not me, where is this Lady ?

Do that you do not use to do ; tell truth,

Or by my hand, I'll beat your Captains brains out,

Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

*Bes.* There was a Lady, Sir, I must confess, Once in my charge : the Prince *Tigranes* gave her

To my guard for her safety, how I us'd her,

She may her self report, she's with the Prince now :

I did but wait upon her like a Groom,

Which she will testifie I am sure : If not,

My brains are at your service when you please, Sir,

And glad I have 'em for you.

*Lyg.* This is most likely, Sir, I ask you pardon,

And am sorry I was so intemperate.

*Bes.* Well, I can ask no more, you would think it strange Now to have me beat you at first sight.

*Lyg.* Indeed I would, but I know your goodness can forget

Twenty beatings. You must forgive me.

*Bef.* Yes, there's my hand, go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this.

*Lyg.* My daughter is a Whore.

I feel it now too sensibly; yet I will see her,  
Discharge my self of being Father to her,  
And then back to my Countrey, and there die.

Farewel, Captain.

[*Exit Lygo.*]

*Bef.* Farewel, Sir, farewel, commend me to the Gentlewoman,  
I pray,

1 *Swor.* How now, Captain? bear up, man.

*Bef.* Gentlemen o'th' Sword, your hands once more, I have  
Been kickt agen, but the foolish fellow is penitent,  
H'as askt me mercy, and my honour safe.

2 *Swor.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better have  
kickt his Grandfire.

*Bef.* Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Swor.* There be our hands agen,  
Now let him come, and say he was not sorry,  
And he sleeps for it.

*Bef.* Alas good ignorant old man, let him go,  
Let him go, these courses will undo him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Lygones and Bacurius.*

*Bac.* My Lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so,  
for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King.  
I am a Minister, but not a Governour of this state; yonder is your  
King, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Lyg.* There he is indeed,  
And with him my disloyal child.

*Tigr.* I do perceive my fault so much, that yet  
Methinks thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

*Lyg.* Health to your Majesty.

*Tigr.* What? good *Lygones*, welcome, what business  
Brought thee hither?

*Lyg.* Several businesses.

My publick business will appear by this:

I have a message to deliver, which  
If it please you so to authorise, is

An embassage from the *Armenian* state,  
Unto *Arbaces* for your liberty:

The offer's there set down, please you to read it.

*Tigr.* There is no alteration happened

Since I came thence?

*Lyg.*

*Lyg.* None, Sir, all is as it was.

*Tigr.* And all our friends are well.

*Lyg.* All very well.

*Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was good,  
I dare not see my father. It was fault  
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lyg.* Madam, I should have seen you.

*Spa.* O good Sir, forgive me.

*Lyg.* Forgive you, why? I am no kin to you, am I?

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by my mean defects,  
Indeed you are not.

*Lyg.* Thou couldst prate unhappily  
Ere thou couldst go, would thou couldst do as well;  
And how does your custom hold out here?

*Spa.* Sir?

*Lyg.* Are you in private still, or how?

*Spa.* What do you mean?

*Lyg.* Do you take money? are you come to sell sin yet? perhaps  
I can help you to liberal Clients: or has not the King cast you off  
yet? O thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou  
art a young Whore. I would thy Mother had liv'd to see this: or  
rather, would I had died ere I had seen it: why didst not make me  
acquainted when thou wert first resolved to be a Whore?  
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied  
More privately: I would have kept a Dancer,  
And a whole consort of Musicians  
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was never whore.

*Lyg.* If thou couldst not say so much for thy self, thou shouldst  
be Carted.

*Tigr.* *Lygoner*, I have read it, and I like it,  
You shall deliver it.

*Lyg.* Well, Sir, I will: but I have private business with you.

*Tigr.* Speak, what is't?

*Lyg.* How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,  
That you can pick no strumpets i'the Land,  
But out of my breed?

*Tigr.* Strumpets, Good *Lygoner*?

*Lyg.* Yes, and I wish to have you know, I scorn  
To get a Whore for any Prince alive,  
And yet scorn will not help methinks: My daughter  
Might have been spar'd, there were enough besides.

*Tigr.* May I not prosper, but she's innocent  
As morning light for me, and I dare swear,

For all the world.

*Lyg.* Why is she with you then?

Can she wait on you better then your man,  
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings,  
Can she make Caudles well, or cut your Corns,  
Why do you keep her with you? For a Queen  
I know you do contemn her, so should I,  
And every Subject else think much at it.

*Tigr.* Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firm then earth.  
Thou seest thy Queen there.

*Lyg.* Then have I made a fair hand, I call'd her Whore,  
If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot chuse  
But greatly rejoyce that she shall be a Queen: but if  
I shall speak to you as a States-man: she were more fit  
To be your Whore.

*Tigr.* Get you about your business to *Arbaces*,  
Now you talk idly.

*Lyg.* Yes, Sir, I will go.  
And shall she be a Queen? she had more wit  
Then her old Father when she ran away:  
Shall she be Queen? now by my troth, 'tis fine,  
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:  
Shall I not, Sir?

*Tigr.* Yes marry shalt thou.

*Lyg.* I'll make these withered kexes bear my body  
Two hours together above ground.

*Tigr.* Nay go, my business requires haste.

*Lyg.* Good God preserve you, you are an excellent King.

*Spa.* Farewel, good Father.

*Lyg.* Farewel, sweet vertuous Daughter.

I never was so joyful in my life,  
That I remember: shall she be a Queen?  
Now I perceive, a man may weep for joy,  
I had thought they had lied that said so.

[Exit *Lyg.*

*Tigr.* Come my dear love.

*Spa.* But you may see another  
May alter that again.

*Tigr.* Urge it no more,  
I have made up a new strong constancy,  
Not to be shook with eyes: I know I have  
The passions of a man, but if I meet  
With any subject that should hold my eyes  
More firmly then is fit, I'll think of thee,  
And run away from it: let that suffice

[Exit all  
Enter



*A King and no King.*

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*Enter Bacurius and his servants.*

*Bac.* Three Gentlemen without to speak with me?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir.

*Bac.* Let them come in.

*Enter Bessius with the two Sword men.*

*Ser.* They are entred, Sir, already.

*Bac.* Now fellows, your business; are these the Gentlemen?

*Bes.* My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen my friends o'th' Sword along with me.

*Bac.* I am afraid you'll fight then.

*Bes.* My good Lord, I will not, your Lordship is mistaken, Fear not, Lord.

*Bac.* Sir, I am sorry for't.

*Bes.* I ask no more in honour, Gentlemen, you hear, my Lord is sorry.

*Bac.* Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: one whose dull body will require a laming:

As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.

Now to your Sword-men,

What come they for, good Captain Stock-fish?

*Bes.* It seems your Lordship has forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither, though they are things fitter I must confess for any thing, then my remembrance, or any honest mans, what shall these billets do, be pil'd up in my Wood-yard?

*Bes.* Your Lordship holds your mirth still, God continue it: but for these Gentlemen they come—

*Bac.* To swear you are a coward, spare your book, I do believe it.

*Bes.* Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands, I am no Coward.

*Bac.* That would be a shew indeed worth seeing: Sirra, be wise, and take mony for this motion, travel with it, and where the name of *Bessius* has been known, or a good Coward stirring, 'twill yield more then a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, then your Captainship, and more natural; Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

*2 Smor.* It is so, most renowned.

*Bac.* 'Tis somewhat strange.

*1 Smor.* Lord, it is strange, yet true; we have examined from your Lordships foot there, to this mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his honour is come off clean, and sufficient: This, as our swords shall help us.

*Bac.* You are much bound to your Bilbo-men, I am glad you are  
straight

straight again, Captain: 'twere good you would think some way to gratifie them; they have undergone a labour for you, *Bessus*, would have puzzel'd *Hercules* with all his valour.

2 *Swor.* Your Lordship must understand we are no men o'th' Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient we have cleared our friend.

*Bac.* Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in conscience will discharge, Captain; I'll pay this rent for you.

*Bef.* Spare your self, my good Lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the vertue.

*Bac.* That's but a cold discharge, Sir, for the paine.

2 *Swor.* O Lord, my good Lord.

*Bac.* Be not so modest, I will give you something.

*Bef.* They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

*Bac.* Something in hand the while; you rogues, you apple-squires: do you come hither with your bottled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 *Swor.* I do beseech your Lordship.

2 *Swor.* O good Lord.

*Bac.* 'S foot, what a beavy of beaten slaves are here? get me a cudgel, Sirra, and a tough one.

2 *Swor.* More of your foot, I do beseech your Lordship.

*Bac.* You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow Beagle.

1 *Swor.* O'this side, good my Lord.

*Bac.* Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foot, I'll have you stay'd, you rascals.

1 *Swor.* Mine's off, my Lord.

2 *Swor.* I beseech your Lordship, stay a little, my sirap's tied to my codpiece point: now when you please.

*Bac.* Captain, these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?

*Bef.* I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship.

*Bac.* What's that in your pocket, slave, my toe you mungrel? thy buttocks cannot be so hard, out with it quickly.

2 *Swor.* Here 'tis, Sir, a small piece of Artillery, that a Gentleman, a dear friend of your Lordships, sent me with, to get it mended, Sir, for if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

*Bac.* A friend of mine, you rascal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, then kicking these two foot-balls.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Here's a good cudgel, Sir.

*Bac.* It comes too late, I'm weary, pray thee do thou beat them.

2 *Swor.* My Lord, this is foul play, I'faith, to put a fresh man upon us; Men are but men, Sir.

*Bac.*

*Bac.* That jest shall save your bones : Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone : I had rather thrash, then be bound to kick these rascals, till they cri'd ho : *Bessur*, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewel, as you like this, pray visit me again, 't will keep me in good breath. [*Exit Bac.*]

2 *Swor.* H'as a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like.

1 *Swor.* Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

2 *Swor.* If he kick thus i'th' dog-days, he will be dry-foundred : what cure now, Captain, besides oyl of bays ?

*Bes.* Why well enough, I warrant you, you can go ?

2 *Swor.* Yes, God be thanked ; but I feel a shrewd ach, sure h'as sprang my huckle-bone.

1 *Swor.* I ha' lost a hanch.

*Bes.* A little butter, friend, a little butter ; butter and parley is a sovereign matter : *probatum est.*

2 *Swor.* Captain, we must request your hand now to our honours.

*Bes.* Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selves, and there's an end.

1 *Swor.* Nay, then we must be valiant : O my ribs.

2 *Swor.* O my small guts, a pox upon these sharp-toed shoes they are murderers. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Arbaces with his sword drawn.*

*Arb.* It is resolv'd, I bore it whilst I could, I can no more, I must begin : With murder of my friend, and so go on To an incestuous ravishing, and end My life and sins with a forbidden blow, Upon my self.

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* What Tragedy is mean ? That hand was never wont to draw a sword, But it cried dead to something.

*Arb.* Mardonius, have you bid *Gobrias* come ?

*Mar.* How do you, Sir ?

*Arb.* Well, is he coming ?

*Mar.* Why, Sir, are you thus ? Why does your hand proclaim a lawless war Against your self ?

*Arb.* Thou answerest me one question with another. Is *Gobrias* coming ?

*Mar.* Sir, he is.

*Arb.* 'Tis well, I can forbear your questions then, be gone.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Sir, I have mark'd it.

*Arb.* Mark less, it troubles you and me.

*Mar.* You are more variable then you were.

*Arb.* It may be so.

*Mar.* To day no Hermit could be humbler

Then you were to us all.

*Arb.* And what of this?

*Mar.* And now you take new rage into your eyes,

As you would look us all out of the Land.

*Arb.* I do confess it, will that satisfy?

I prethee get thee gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I will speak.

*Arb.* Will ye?

*Mar.* It is my duty,

I fear you will kill your self: I am a subject,

And you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause,

And I may speak.

*Arb.* Thoa art not train'd in sin,

It seems, *Mardonius*: kill my self, by heaven

I will not do it yet; and when I will

I'll tell thee then: I shall be such a creature,

That thou wilt give me leave without a word.

There is a method in mans wickedness,

It grows up by degrees; I am not come

So high as killing of my self, there are

A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,

Which I must do, I shall come to't at last;

But take my oath not now, be satisfied,

And get thee hence.

*Mar.* I am sorry 'tis so ill,

*Arb.* Be sorry then,

True sorrow is alone, grieve by thy self.

*Mar.* I pray you let me see your sword put up

Before I go; I'll leave you then,

*Arb.* Why so?

What folly is this in thee, is it not

As apt to mischief as it was before?

Can I not reach it, think'st thou? these are tales

For children to be pleas'd with, and no men;

Now I am safe you think; I would the book

Of fate were here, my sword is not so sure,

But I should get it out, and mangle that,

That all the destinies should quite forget

Their ~~first~~ decrees, and haste to make us new,

For

For other fortunes, mine could not be worse;  
Wilt thou now leave me?

*Mar.* God put into your bosom temporal thoughts,  
I'll leave you though I fear. [Exit *Mar.*

*Arb.* Go, thou art honest.  
Why should the hasty errors of my youth  
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin  
Helpless upon me? —

*Enter Gobrias.*

*Gob.* There is the King, now it is ripe.

*Arb.* Draw near, thou guilty man,  
Thou art the author of the loathedst crime  
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak,  
Curses incurable, and all the evils  
Mansbody or his spirit can receive,  
Be with thee.

*Gob.* Why, Sir, do you curse me thus?

*Arb.* Why do I curse thee, if there be a man  
Subtile in curses, that exceeds the rest,  
His worst wish on thee. Thou hast broke my heart.

*Gob.* How, Sir, have I preserv'd you from a child,  
From all the arrows, malice or ambition  
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

*Arb.* 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that  
Wert crueller then hardened murderers  
Of Infants and their mothers; thou didst save me  
Only till thou hadst studied out a way  
How to destroy me cunningly thy self:  
This was a curious way of torturing.

*Gob.* What do you mean?

*Arb.* Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me,  
Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sent'st unto me to *Armenia*,  
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved Sister,  
Where thou extol'dst her beauty; what had I  
To do with that? what could her beauty be  
To me? and thou didst write how well she lov'd me,  
Dost thou remember this? so that I doated  
Something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true.

*Arb.* Is it? and when I was return'd thou know'st  
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in  
To such a strange, and unbeliev'd affection,  
As good men cannot think on.

*Gob.* This I grant, I think I was the cause.



*Arb.* Wert thou? *Nay more, I think thou meant'st it.*

*Gob.* Sir, I hate a lie.

As I love God and honesty, I did:

It was my meaning.

*Arb.* Be thine own sad Judge,

A further condemnation will not need.

Prepare thy self to die.

*Gob.* Why, Sir, to die?

*Arb.* Why wouldst thou live, was ever yet offender

So impudent, that had a thought of mercy

After confession of a crime like this?

Get out I cannot, where thou haul'st me in,

But I can take revenge, that's all the sweetness

Left for me.

*Gob.* Now is the time, hear me but speak.

*Arb.* No, yet I will be far more merciful

Then thou wert to me: thou didst steal into me,

And never gav'st me warning: so much time

As I give thee now, had prevented thee

For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,

If thou hast hope, that there is yet a prayer

To save thee, turn and speak it thy self.

*Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em,  
If you kill me, —

*Arb.* I will not slay thee.

*Gob.* Know you kill your Father.

*Arb.* How?

*Gob.* You kill your Father.

*Arb.* My Father? though I know it for a lie

Made out of fear to save thy stained life:

The very reverence of the word comes cross me,

And ties mine arm down.

*Gob.* I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy  
Father, I charge thee hear me.

*Arb.* If it should be so,

As 'tis most false, and that I should be found

A bastard issue, the despised fruit

Of lawless lust, I should no more admire

All my wild passions: but another truth

Shall be wrun from thee: If I could come by

The spirit of pain, it should be powr'd on thee,

Till thou allowest thy self more full of lies

Then he that teaches thee.

*Enter Asane.*

*Arb.* Turn thee about,

*A King and no King.*

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I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man,  
Hear me, thou tyrant.

*Arb.* I will turn to thee.

Hear me, thou Strumpet: I have blotted out  
The name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

*Ars.* My shame? thou hast less shame then any thing;  
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?  
Why dost thou call her Sister, and do this?

*Arb.* Cease, thou strange impudence,  
And answer quickly, if thou contemnest me,  
This will ask an answer,  
And have it.

*Ars.* Help me, gentle *Gobrias*.

*Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt, though they grow together;  
In doing ill, yet at the punishment  
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.  
Think not of help, answer.

*Ars.* I will, to what?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as if it be a truth,  
Think what a creature thou hast made thy self,  
That didst not shame to do, what I must blush  
Only to ask thee: tell me who I am,  
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,  
If thou refusest.

*Ars.* Why you are his son.

*Arb.* His son?

Swear, swear, thou worse then woman damn'd.

*Ars.* By all that's good, you are.

*Arb.* Then art thou all

That ever was known bad, now is the cause  
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light:  
What reverence expectst thou from a child,  
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,  
Thy husband and the Land: Adulterous witch!  
I know now why thou wouldst have poyson'd me,  
I was thy lust which thou wouldst have forgot:  
Then wicked mother of my sins and me,  
Shew me the way to the inheritance  
I have by thee: which is a spacious world  
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it:  
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases  
As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed.

*Gob.* You do not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well.

You are a pair of Vipers and behold  
 The serpent you have got ; there is no beast  
 But if he knew it, has a pedigree  
 As brave as mine, for they have more descents,  
 And I am every way as beastly got,  
 As far without the compass of a law,  
 As they.

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vain,  
 And rail upon a guests : hear us a little.

*Arb.* No, I will never hear, but talk away  
 My breath, and die.

*Gob.* Why, but you are no Bastard.

*Arb.* How's that ?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you go on in wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to  
 You.

*Arb.* I will kneel,  
 And hear with the obedience of a child,  
 Good Father, speak, I do acknowledge you,  
 So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last King, your supposed Father  
 Was old and feeble when he married her,  
 And almost all the Land as she past hope  
 Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore she took leave  
 To play the whore, because the King was old :  
 Is this the comfort ?

*Ara.* What will you find out  
 To give me satisfaction, when you find  
 How you have injur'd me ? let fire consume me,  
 If ever I were whore.

*Gob.* Forbear these starts,  
 Or I will leave you wedded to despair,  
 As you are now : if you can find a temper,  
 My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,  
 That cools and blasts not.

*Arb.* Bring it out, good Father,  
 I'll lie, and listen here as reverently,  
 As to an Angel : If I breathe too loud,  
 Tell me ; for I would be as still as night.

*Gob.* Our King I say was old, and this our Queen  
 Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband  
 She thought was past it, and to be dishonest,  
 I think she would not : if she would have been,

The truth is, she was watcht so narrowly,  
 And had so slender opportunities,  
 She hardly could have been : but yet her cunning  
 Found out this way : she fain'd her self with child,  
 And posts were sent in haste throughout the Land,  
 And God was humbly thank't in every Church,  
 That so had blest the Queen, and prayers were made  
 For her safe going and delivery :  
 She fain'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd  
 This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought  
 A far more large respect from every man.  
 And saw her power increase, and was resolv'd,  
 Since she believ'd she could not have't indeed ;  
 At least she would be thought to have a child.

*Arb.* Do I not hear it well ? nay, I will make  
 No noise at all ; but pray you to the point,  
 Quick as you can.

*Gob.* Now when the time was full,  
 She should be brought to bed, I had a son  
 Born, which was you. This the Queen hearing of,  
 Moved me to let her have you ; and such reasons  
 She shew'd me, as she knew would tie  
 My secrecy, she swore you should be King.  
 And to be short, I did deliver you  
 Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
 And in mine own house kept a funeral,  
 And had an empty coffin put in earth.  
 That night this Queen fain'd hastily to labour,  
 And by a pair of women of her own,  
 Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe,  
 She was deliver'd of you. You grew up  
 As the Kings son, till you were six year old ;  
 Then did the King die, and did leave to me  
 Protection of the Realm ; and contrary  
 To his own expectation, left this Queen  
 Truly with child indeed, of the fair Princess  
*Parthena* : then she could have torn her hair,  
 And did alone to me, yet durst not speak  
 In publick, for she knew, she should be found  
 A Traitor : and her tale would have been thought  
 Madnes, or any thing rather than truth.  
 This was the onely cause, why she did seek  
 To poyson you, and I to keep you safe,  
 And this the reason, why I sought to kindle  
 Some sparks of love in you to fair *Parthena*.

That

That she might get part of her right again.

*Arb.* And have you made an end now? is this all?

If not, I will be still, till I am aged,

Till all my hairs be silver.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* And is it true say you too, Madam?

*Ara.* Yes, God knows, it is most true.

*Arb.* *Pantbas* then is not my Sister.

*Gob.* No.

*Arb.* But can you prove this?

*Gob.* If you will give consent, else who dares go about it?

*Arb.* Give consent?

Why I will have 'em all that know it rackt,

To get this from 'em. All that waits without,

Come in, what ere you be, come in; and be

Partakers of my joy; O you are welcome.

*Enter Bessus, Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other Attendants.*

*Arb.* The best news! nay, draw no nearer,

They all shall hear it, I am found no King.

*Mar.* Is that so good news?

*Arb.* Yes, the happiest news that ere was heard.

*Mar.* Indeed 'twere well for you

If you might be a little less obey'd.

*Arb.* One call the Queen.

*Mar.* Why, she is there.

*Arb.* The Queen, *Mardonius*? *Pantbas* is the Queen,

And I am plain *Arbaces*: go some one,

She is in *Gobrias* house, since I saw you

There are a thousand things delivered to me,

You little dream of. *[Exit a Gent.]*

*Mar.* So it should seem, my Lord, what fury's this?

*Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no fury, all that he says is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

*Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off, Gentlemen?

Is it to me? I swear it must not be:

Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be;

I cannot now command you, but I pray you

For the respect you bare me, when you took

Me for your King, each man clap on his hat

At my desire.

*Mar.* We will, you are not found

So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd

As well as we, may you not?

*Arb.* O not here.

You may, but not I, for here is my Father



In presence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why there: O the whole story  
Would be a wilderness to lose thy self  
For ever: O pardon me, dear Father,  
For all the idle and unreverent words  
That I have spoke in idle moods to you:  
I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subjects,  
Nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my Sister.

*Bes.* Why, if you remember, fellow subject *Arbaces*; I told  
you once she was not your Sister: I, and she looks nothing like  
you.

*Arb.* I think you did, good Captain *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Here will arise another question now amongst the Sword-  
men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he  
is proved no King.

*Enter Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir, Here's *Lygones*, the agent for the *Armenian* state.

*Arb.* Where is he? I know your business, good *Lygones*.

*Lyg.* We must have our King again, and will.

*Arb.* I knew that was your business: you shall have  
Your King again, and have him so again;  
As never King was had: go one of you  
And bid *Bacurius* bring *Tigranes* hither;  
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*,  
The Queen *Panthea* sent me word this morning,  
Was brave *Tigranes* Mistress. [*Exeunt two Gent.*]

*Lyg.* 'Tis *Spaconis*.

*Arb.* I, I, *Spaconis*.

*Lyg.* She is my daughter.

*Arb.* She is so: I could now tell any thing  
I never heard: your King shall go to home,  
As never man went.

*Mar.* Shall he go on's head?

*Arb.* He shall have Chariots easier then air,  
That I will have invented; and ne'er think  
He shall pay any ransom, and thy self:  
That art the messenger shall ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an intise Diamond,  
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,  
I know not how yet.

*Lyg.* Why I shall be made for ever;  
They belid this King without,  
And said he was unkind.

*Arb.* And then thy daughters,

She

Which she shall see. And the King, being  
Some where or other. And the Queen, being  
Behold the humblest of you have  
Kneel here before you.

*Enter Pentheus and I. Geta.*

*Pent.* Why kneel you to me that am your vassal?

*Geta.* Grant me one request, you won't refuse it.

*Mar. Ege.* Alas, what dost thou say? what I can, I will.

*Geta.* That you will please to marry me, you will not do it  
I can prove it lawful.

*Pent.* Is that all? And night O hoag, I'll not think I do  
I'll willingly show I would have this all.

*Geta.* He lifts this hand in earnest, I'll not do it.

*2. Geta.* Sir, Tigranes is coming, though he made it strange  
At last, to see the Priests any more.

*Enter Tigranes and Spachobias.*

*2. Geta.* The Queen

Thou must see. O my Tigranes, pardon me,

Tread on my neck, I'll willingly offer it, I'll willingly

And if thou beest so given, take revenge, I'll willingly

For I have injur'd thee.

*Tig.* No, I forgive,

And rejoice more that you have found repentance, I'll willingly

Then I my liberty.

*Geta.* May it thou be happy

In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate,

You owe no ransom to the state, know that

I have a thousand joys to tell you of,

Which yet I dare not utter till I pay

My thanks to heaven for you: Will you go

With me and help me? pray you do.

*Mar. Ege.* I will.

*Geta.* Take then your fair one with you, and your Queen

Of good deeds and of us. O give me leave

To take your arm in mine: Come every one

That takes delight in goodness, help to sing

And thanks for me, that I am proud no kings

**FINIS**

